

THE LAST GLADIATORS



The Fiancés of Death

Michael Walsh



Michael Walsh, Irish journalist, broadcaster, poet and historian, traces his Liverpool roots back to 1865. Michael's paternal family background is Moville, Donegal, his maternal Wexford and Tipperary. Michael's father, Patrick, had fought in three conflicts before reaching his fortieth birthday. As an 18-year old guerrilla a reward was placed on the teenager's head by England's notorious Black and Tans. Patrick extended his war through the Irish War of Independence. He served on the frontlines of the Spanish Civil War, and as an Aircraftsman Fitter 1st Class in the RAF during World War II.

On leaving school at 15 years of age Michael spent 12 weeks at the Merchant Navy School for Sailors in Sharpness, Gloucestershire. During his years at sea, he was to visit and work in over 60 countries.

Michael has provided articles and columns for numerous magazines and international news media. In 2011 he was awarded 'Writer of the Year' by publishers of Euro Weekly News, Europe's highest-circulation free newspaper. He has authored, edited and ghosted over 70 book titles.

Michael Walsh spent a period of time in apartheid South Africa, French West Africa and Portuguese occupied Mozambique. The North African and Middle East ports were all familiar to him. However, it was the score of nations along West Africa's Atlantic seaboard to which Michael became attached.

At home in its accessible interior, he empathised with the native peoples of many African nations. Michael was perhaps one of the last to experience Africa as the novelist James Conrad would have known it. Following a maritime mishap, the author spent considerable time in the interior of the Belgian Congo during the Congo Crisis. This was a period of internal conflict the brutality of which has few to equal it.

DEDICATIONS

The Last Gladiators is dedicated to my father Patrick. Such was his life as a revolutionary soldier that he might be forgiven for thinking he had been born in the Coliseum of Ancient Rome. I pay tribute to my mother who taught me the virtues of righteous struggle and to both my parents for having encouraged my writing. I pay homage to my wife for her faith, her patience and her tenacity as a researcher. And I pay patriarchal regards to our sons.



The Wild Geese

THE ORIGINS OF THE WILD GEESSE

Because of the conflicts afflicting the Middle East the term Wild Geese has become synonymous with mostly American hired soldiers of fortune. Sometimes known as the dogs of war the Wild Geese legend has its genesis in the life of Patrick Sarsfield (1650 – 1693).

The 17th century was a period fraught by religious warfare in which viciousness was routine. The death toll as a consequence of Catholic-Protestant religious rivalries makes the Crusades look like a friendly disagreement by comparison. By the close of that century, the centre stage for the titanic struggle for Europe's religious soul had moved to England and Ireland.

England's Glorious Revolution re-installed Catholic James II on the throne whilst Patrick Sarsfield commanded Ireland's defeated forces. The Peace Treaty between the warring contenders had an unusual provision. Peter Sarsfield and thousands of Ireland's defeated Catholic militaries were permitted to relocate to France. The exodus of the Irish was immortalised as 'the flight of the wild geese'. France, of course, was more than delighted to embrace such a formidable force with which to wage its own wars.

In the pay of the French monarchy, the Irish Brigades fought tenaciously throughout Europe. The mercenaries were well housed, fed and equipped. However, the exiled troops fought with a burning desire for one outcome. It was their hope and belief that one day France's wars against the English would enable the Wild Geese to return to their homes in Ireland. Theirs was a futile dream.

Their commander Peter Sarsfield was honoured as a marshal of France for his tenacity in battle. But, during a battle with England's armies in the Netherlands, Commander Peter Sarsfield was struck by an English musket ball. As the commander of the Wild Geese lay bleeding and neared his death he was heard to murmur: 'Ah, if this was only for Ireland.'

He then passed to his Maker. However, the Wild Geese designation endured becoming identical with any uniformed idealists or professional soldiers paid to fight the wars of others.

CONTENTS

- 1. The Wild Geese
- 2. Not so well camouflaged
- 3. Patrice Lumumba
- 4. President Moise Tshombe
- 5. President Sese Seko Mobutu
- 6. The Congo Crisis
- 7. The Liberation of Stanleyville
- 8. Epic Siege of Jadotville
- 9. Lieutenant-Colonel Mad Mike Hoare
- 10. Phyllis Hoare
- 11. Jean 'Black Jack' Schramme
- 12. Colonel Bob Denard
- 13. Whose side the Press
- 14. Major Siegfried Müller Iron Cross 1st Class
- 15. Yves Debay legendary war-journalist and photographer
- 16. The White Legion
- 17. Colonel Marc Goosens
- 18. Company Commander Rolf Steiner the Monk Soldier
- 19. Alexander Gay (1)
- 20. Count Carl Gustaf E von Rosen
- 21. Don McCullin Photo-Journalist
- 22. Mike Walsh Roving Author-Journalist
- 23. Major Taffy Williams
- 24. Alexander Ramsay Gay (2)
- 25. Commander Roger Faulques Legion of Honour
- 26. Battle of Cuito Cuanavale
- 27. Tim Spicer
- 28. Simon Man
- 29. Colonel Mike Hoare The Legend Passed This Way
- 30. When After Fifteen Minutes



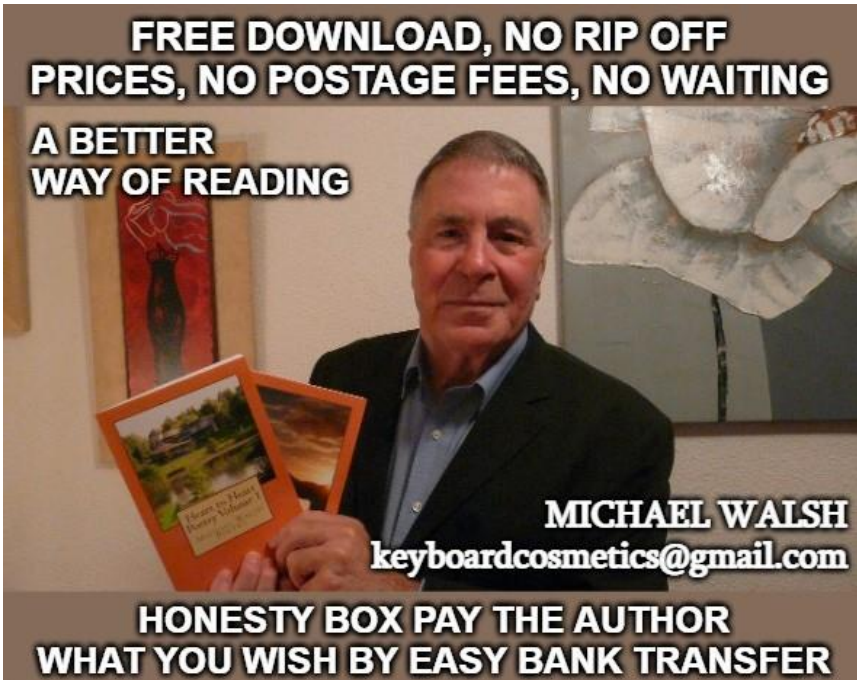
Col. Michael Hoare (Mad Mike) Mercenary Wild Geese coup d'état in the Seychelles

THE WILD GEESE

Forged on an anvil of fire and water over thousands of years the hardy Irish learned how to survive. Anything perceived as perilous kept one's wits sharp and inspiration fuelled. For these reasons, the Irish learned the arts of survival and the lessons were learned the hard way. Seemingly a magnanimous lot of idealistic and entrepreneurial temperament the Irish who settled in North America was set to become the second wealthiest of the scores of ethnicities who settled in the United States. The Wild Geese took their tools with them which comprised their weaponry, their experience, resourcefulness and their bravery. Despite Ireland's diminutive size, there are far more Irish missionaries spread around the world than there are evangelists of any other nationality.

In late 1691, defeated in the Williamite War, 10,000 Irish soldiers accompanied by 4,000 women and children opted to serve the armies of France. Their exile coincided with the winter departure of Ireland's wild geese and so the name stuck. Like so many others over the centuries, my father too became one of the Wild Geese. Having fought in the Irish War of Independence (1919 – 1922) he bought a one-way ticket to the United States and was recruited by the American Civil Guard.

There was not much to fight for in the United States except for those caught up in industrial strikes. Patrick departed for Republican Spain then on the cusp of its dreadful 1936 – 1939 Civil War. Patrick fought with distinction on the front lines with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. After landing in Britain, he enlisted in the Royal Air Force (RAF) and throughout World War Two were an Aircraftsman-Fitter 1st Class and flier.

A man with grey hair, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light blue shirt, is holding a small book with a landscape cover. He is standing in front of a wall with several framed artworks, including a red abstract piece and a large white abstract piece. The image is overlaid with bold white text on a dark background.

**FREE DOWNLOAD, NO RIP OFF
PRICES, NO POSTAGE FEES, NO WAITING**

**A BETTER
WAY OF READING**

MICHAEL WALSH
keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

**HONESTY BOX PAY THE AUTHOR
WHAT YOU WISH BY EASY BANK TRANSFER**

THE LAST GLADIATORS Michael Walsh. Veterans of the Waffen SS, French Foreign Legion, British Parachute Regiment, Congo Crisis and African conflicts include legends like Colonel Mike Hoare, Black Jack Schramme, Colonel Bob Denard, Major Siegfried Müller. French Legionnaire Roger Faulques and ex-Hitler Youth Rolf Steiner. Updated, action-packed and fully illustrated 28 stories of legends. **READ FREE:** A gratuity direct to the author appreciated. Michael will send you his bank details if you wish to transfer as little as £10 or equivalent and cashier's checks. A transfer is free, easier and cheaper than placing an Amazon order. Contact Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

NOT SO WELL CAMOUFLAGED

‘People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf.’ ~ George Orwell.

With mixed feelings, I avoid the temptation to dwell too long on mercenaries of the second millennium. One's sentiments about soldiers-of-fortune are tempered by concepts of valour, ruggedness, tenacity and idealism. I concede that in my case self-deception may separate yesterday's dogs-of-war from the current breed of mostly American mercenaries. These dogs of war, according to a former U.S. contractor, are now so prevalent that America's proxy armies 'compromise the democratic accountability of the regular armed forces.' In fact, mercenaries employed by American military contractors now outnumber regular U.S. servicemen and women.

The 1960s heralded Europe's abdication as colonial master of the Dark Continent. From the 16th Century until the second half of the 20th Century Africa was largely an extension of European power and prestige.

There was enough of Africa for everyone except of course the Africans. The fate of Africa and its indigenous peoples was largely decided by the occupying power of whatever part the native African was born into. The principal holders of African real estate were the British, Belgians, French, Italian, German, Spanish and Portuguese.



Mercenary Siegfried Muller during a lighter moment

Germany held large parts of Africa until Germany's World War I defeat in 1918. Imperial Germany was forced to surrender its colonies to the victor nations as a prize of war. German colonies had not come through conquest. As Adolf Hitler caustically remarked in his reply to Roosevelt:

'In and outside Europe, Germany lost approximately three million square kilometres of territory, and that in spite of the fact that the whole German Colonial Empire, in contrast to the colonies of other nations, was not acquired by way of war, but solely through treaties or purchase.' ~ Hitler's Reply to Roosevelt. Reichstag, April 28, 1939.

Belgium laid claim to the Congo (1885 – 1962). The small European kingdom added to its colonies when Ruanda-Urundi in 1918 was ceded by defeated Germany. Belgium also took possession of German territory in China. The acquisition of the Congo multiplied the size of Belgium seventy-six times.



Half American like his mentor Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan (1894 -1986) coined the term, 'winds of change'. The expression is diplomatic speak for the capitulation of Britain's colonial empire, including South Africa to the global banking elite.

Winston Churchill's war against Hitler's Germany (1939 – 1945) came with a high price tag. Unsurprisingly, Wall Street's banking houses sought returns on their investment in supporting Churchill's War. The repayment provisions included the surrender of Britain's colonies and her Imperial Preference to the U.S. based banking houses and their mega-corporation allies. The Imperial Preference was the name given to the preferential trade agreement between the dominions and colonies of Britain and her Empire,

The consequence of Churchill's achievement in removing Hitler's Germany as a potential trade competitor was that the U.S. actually succeeded in removing its British rival whilst itself establishing itself as a trade competitor.

MAIN PLAYERS

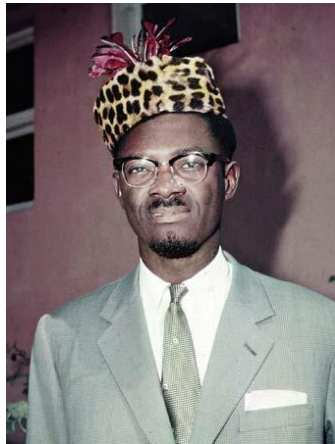
PRESIDENT PATRICE LUMUMBA (1925 ~ 1961)

The Congo Crisis (1960 – 1965) marked the transition of power during which time the former Belgian Congo purportedly served as a West vs. Soviet Union battleground. The first president of post-colonial Congo was Patrice Lumumba. As the president was of pro-Soviet outlook the African leader's tenure was opposed by the U.S.

Belgium, unwilling to return as the Congo's colonisers or to be seen to be influencing the newly independent republic was loath to get involved. However, the Belgians shared Washington DC's animosity towards the new republic's pro-Kremlin President Patrice Lumumba.



Battle of Dragon Rouge A hysterical evacuee is airlifted to safety



Patrice Lumumba First President of Independent Congo Republic

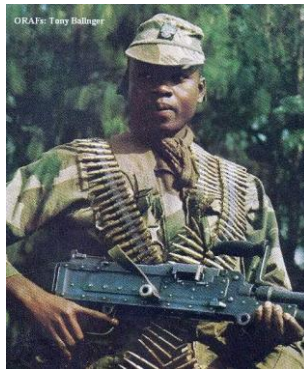
The once mystery of who was responsible for the murder of President Patrice Lumumba has been resolved. The dabs are all over the name of Belgian mercenary Charles Huyghé. A believable account reveals that after the 1961 murder took place he felt able to boast about his having assassinated President Patrice Lumumba.

This again points to Western government complicity. One would be unlikely to make such a boast unless the assassin felt sure of their untouchable status.

This proposition is supported by evidence that the Belgian and U.S. authorities withheld evidence that would implicate the Belgian agent in the president's assassination. According to the since released well-researched content of a 103-page document, there is a valid account of Charles Huyghé boasting of his having carried out the assassination.

Quote: 'He (Huyghé) then mentioned that Lumumba was brought into the room and that he himself personally shot Lumumba. He rather stressed the death of Lumumba by stating that when Lumumba walked into the room he started screaming and crying for his life. He [Lumumba] turned to everybody in the room and stated that whatever they wanted as a reward he would give them if he was not killed. Huyghé's words to me were: 'Pray, you bastard, you had no pity on women or children or nuns of your own faith, so pray.'

Russell-Cargill continued: 'Lumumba, according to Huyghé, fell on the ground and started rolling and screaming for mercy and Huyghé said he shot him as he rolled on the ground.'



Congolese soldier

I said 'Christ, no, Charley!' and he said 'Yes, Roddy, it is so'. But I would like to stress here, as I stressed in my report to your legal representative in Leopoldville, that we had both been drinking and Huyghé at that time might have been bragging.'

Huyghé was apparently exonerated by a Belgian parliamentary commission some years ago. Huyghé afterwards refused to be interviewed or questioned and referred interviewers to his legal representative. The latter chose to dismiss allegations of his client's involvement in the assassination. In 2009 Huyghé was made an officer of the Order of Leopold. This award is granted for extreme bravery in combat or for 'meritorious service of immense benefit to the Belgian nation'. The honour was made by former Belgian ambassador Jan Mutton. Huyghé was also named a Knight of the Realm.

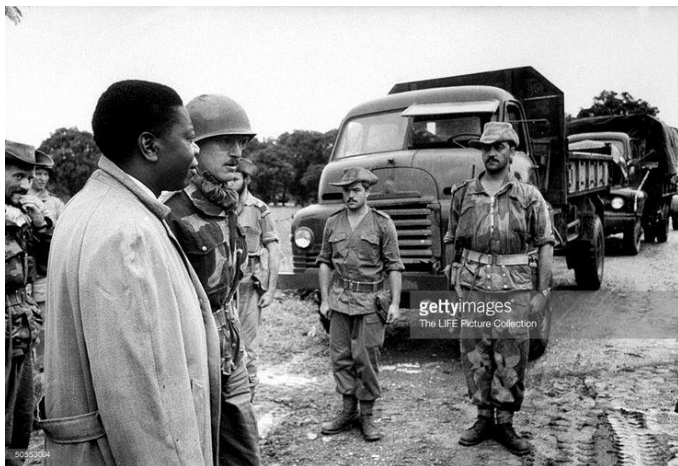
PRESIDENT MOISE TSHOMBE (1919 – 1969)



Moise Tshombe was the Central Intelligence Agency's (CIA) choice of President of the breakaway Katanga Province.



Missionary educated and the son of a successful entrepreneur in retailing, Moshe Tshombe was a pretty well clued up gentleman. Having been missionary trained as an accountant he successfully managed one of the country's several chains of retail stores. Like most businessmen in Africa, his reputation and experience drew him into political life.



Prime Minister Moïse Tshombe Congo Republic

With a nose for the way things were heading Moïse Tshombe founded the pro-independent CONAKAT Party. The party was successful in the 1960 Katanga provincial elections. The timing of the political party's emergence could hardly have been better. Belgium was to shrug off responsibility for its unruly African child one month later. Unhappy with the emerging republic's drift towards Moscow the aspiring Tshombe then declared Katanga to be independent of Central Government. The new republic's beautiful Leopoldville was a credit to Belgian investment.



A Katanga mercenary stands guard over captured Irish UN soldiers.

Unhappy with the province's secession the United Nations Organisation (UN) threatened to use armed force to restore the legitimacy of the dethroned President Patrice Lumumba.

In return, Moise Tshombe promised a military response to any UN or other intervention. The threat and follow-up was a crass move by the UN for it served only to radicalise and sharpen division. Besides, the mandatory government of President Patrice Lumumba was within months of being overthrown by the CIA.

In 1961 the ousted President Patrice Lumumba was replaced by the U.S. backed President Mobutu Sese Seko. The deposed Lumumba was first flown to Katanga. It was there that the dishevelled and badly beaten-up ousted president was to meet his fate.

The disgruntled UN persisted in their intention to overthrow President Moise Tshombe of the breakaway mineral-rich Katanga. In 1963 the UN finally succeeded in its aim. The ousted Tshombe was exiled to what was then North Rhodesia (now Zambia) and soon afterwards he was a guest of the Spanish Republic's General Francisco Franco.

In 1964 Moise Tshombe was invited to return to the Congo Republic to lead a coalition government. So far so good, he took his seat but one year on he was ordered to clear his desk. Charges of treason were then levelled at him and General Franco's Spain again beckoned the luckless former retailer.

In 1967 Moise Tshombe was sentenced to death in absentia. However, his being in exile meant he was seemingly untouchable. On June 30 the same year the unfortunate former Katanga President was inveigled to travel in a Hawker Siddeley jet aircraft, which was then conveniently hijacked en route to Africa. The aircraft's hijacker was Francis Bodenan. Francis Bodenan was an agent tied up by France's Secret Service, Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionnage (SDECE). The seized aircraft's pilot and co-pilot were soon afterwards released and both were to return to England.

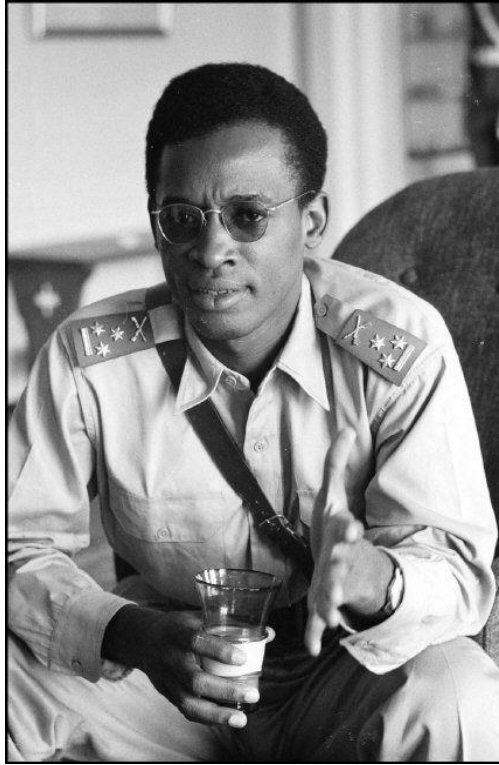
The not so fortunate former President of Katanga Province was not so fortunate. Two years after the aircraft's hijacking Moise Tshombe died. The cause allegedly was a heart attack and occurred whilst he was held in a prison in French Occupied Algeria.



Operation Dragon Rouge

Operation Dragon Rouge was a hostage rescue operation carried out by mostly Belgian paratroopers. Their mission was to rescue mainly European citizens who had been taken into captivity by the Simba rebels.

MOBUTO SESE SEKO (1930 – 1997)



Early photograph Mobutu is considered to be Africa's foulest dictator.

Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa Za Banga. The new President of The Democratic Republic of the Congo (from 1971 called Zaire) in 1965 stepped into the dead man's boots of the slain Patrice Lumumba.

A cunning self-serving pragmatist Mobutu had worked out the secrets of eternal life for an African despot. Remember to support Washington DC and one need fear neither elections nor violent revolution. Should anyone be foolish enough to threaten you then they pick a fight with the boss in Washington DC.

Sese Seko Mobutu was everything the West's mainstream media hypocritically claims to hate. Washington DC's favourite dictator soon amassed great wealth at the expense of his people. The dictator was far more repressive than had been the comparatively benign Belgian colonists. Such was the brutality displayed by Mobutu's authoritarian regime that yearning for a return to European colonialism might be excused.

Sese Seko Mobutu's met his Waterloo at the end of 1991. Such was the then-popular unrest that the Washington sponsored dictator was obliged to concede power-sharing. President Mobutu's grudging concession to the more representative government was, however, a ruse.



General and President (for life) Mobuto Sese Seko

Using the Army Mobutu was returned to office and he further strengthened his unwelcome tenure. Thanks to the backing of the U.S. the despot was to continue ruling Zaire with an iron fist until 1997. Mobutu was finally deposed and exiled by rebel leader Laurent Kabila. The disgraced outcast was to die of prostate cancer just three months later.



President Sese Seko Mobutu in 1983

THE CONGO CRISIS



Colonel Mike Hoare's 5 Commando

The Congo Crisis is estimated to have cost 100,000 lives many of them being ethnic-European. In terms of smooth transition, the surrender of the Belgian Congo to home rule left much to be desired. Belgium's abdication was an irresponsible handing over of government. The abandonment of her nationals, most of whom were civilians and other European residents too, was both treacherous and unforgivable. Sadly, this was the template for much of the transition to Black rule.

As Belgium pulled out of the Congo the unfortunate Europeans were left to the tender mercies of an incoming fledgling government with virtually no experience in governance. For this reason, it might be better described either as a fingers-crossed or who cares handover. The United Nations aggravated the problem by their indecisiveness and ineptitude when faced by predictable internal dissent and regional secession. Soon after attaining independence the Province of Katanga and South Kasai decided to go it alone.

Initially, the pro-Soviet United Nations had no wish to get involved. This reluctance was not the least because the Soviets were only too pleased to be invited to do their job for them but there were strings attached. As with many relationships the term 'it's complicated' seems to suffice. It is enough to say that civilians both European and African were to suffer greatly as a direct consequence of Belgium's relinquishment. There followed civil breakdown and the Civil War.

Order was eventually restored and the secessionists routed when UN forces, mainly made up of Belgian troops were belatedly deployed. Peace was shattered when a breakaway rebellion afterwards erupted.

The Maoist Simbas (Lions) appeared from nowhere and by a jungle blitzkrieg quickly gained much territory. In turn, the Simbas were eventually routed by UN conventional forces. By that time it was too little too late for thousands of Europeans and tens of thousands of natives. Meantime, many European mercenaries were sucked into the on-going power struggle and insurrection that was defined as The Congo Crisis.

LIBERATION OF STANLEYVILLE

‘Looters become looted, while time and tide make us mercenaries all.’ ~ Patrick Rothfuss.

Colonel Mike Hoare should perhaps be credited with leading the flock of Wild Geese to the African Wars of Independence. For the sake of a starting point, we make ours New Year’s Eve 1964. Rather than being a night of celebration and hope for the European population of Stanleyville the night ahead was to be a catastrophe without equal. The threatened and vulnerable city’s total population was set at 150,000 souls many of whom were soon to become dearly departed souls.

Fired up by revolutionary rhetoric and urged on by messianic firebrands, hordes of mostly young native Africans descended on the beautiful Belgian built city of Stanleyville.

Known as Simbas, these wild natives presented a fearsome sight. Fuelled by drugs such as khat and believing they were invincible the marauders had the effect of acid on a Vatican artwork. Rather than keep the peace the United Nations self-styled peacekeepers took to their heels. It seemed something of a UN habit when we pause to reflect on a similar cowardly outrage that was to follow years later in Srebrenica during the Balkan Wars.



Congo Crisis ambush, re-group and attack

The peacekeepers’ spineless retreat left the city’s European population undefended. The attacking Simbas were psychotic tribesmen and for these drug-crazed savages, it was open season on Europeans. These jungle primitives were handed on a plate thousands of civilians courtesy of Belgium and the United Nations.

Quote: ‘The Simbas fierceness and lack of compassion equalled that of the Mau Mau (Kenya Uprising) of earlier atrocities. Their favoured method of killing was to make a nun drink gasoline and then cutting her open to set her on fire. Children were tied between Jeeps and torn apart. Crucifixion and castration were the norm. Only those who were there would understand (the scale of gratuitous depravities).’

The armed forces of the post-colonial transition government were not up to the job of aiding the city's betrayed Europeans. For this reason, a number of about 120 mostly European mercenaries were hastily formed. Of these perhaps 100 were English speakers and only about 35 had any military experience. One has to start somewhere. This was neither the time nor the place for the perusal of job applicants' curriculum vitae.

These 120 men were tasked with doing what the United Nations and the emerging nation's armed forces had so abysmally failed to do. Divided into fighting units this small and poorly armed force clandestinely advanced and 'injected into Stanleyville'.

The mercenaries' purpose was to somehow secure the city, provide the terrified population with sanctuary and to set up a token defence. This done, the unit would hold out until greater forces could be employed and deployed.



Victims of Simba atrocities

Whilst ensconced the dogs of war would deal with the Simbas. The small band of audacious soldiers-of-fortune had much to keep them occupied. By this time, not only Stanleyville but the entire Katanga Province was suffering or facing the Simba menace. Units of the Wild Geese were to take the credit for the rescue of missionaries sprinkled throughout the Wamba and Mungbere countryside. The mercenaries also liberated and evacuated the Didi Oil Refinery.

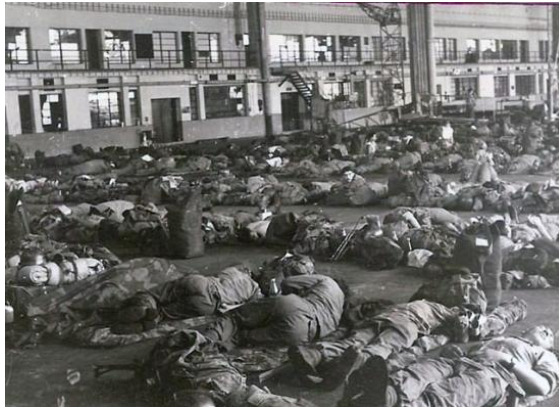
The demagogue leading the Simbas was the self-promoted General Olenga. The vainglorious warlord was not acting independently. The former railway clerk took his inspiration and orders from a native woman known as Mama Orena. Very much a shrewd and manipulative woman this mirror-image of South Africa's Winnie Mandela empathised well with the native psyche.



A victim of Winnie Mandela's necklace goons

Since the faux liberation of European managed South Africa the image of Nelson Mandela's wife has been laundered by media. Mandela's wife is however best remembered for her passion for neck lacing victims. The hapless prey would first be beaten to near death. The coup de grace would be administered by Mandela and her cohorts. A car tyre would be doused in petrol, placed on the unfortunate's shoulders and set alight. Similar was the savage mind-set of the Simbas.

A natural leader, Mama Orena balanced rhetoric and drug hand-outs to create a psychosis that convinced the Simba natives that they were indestructible. Little is known of her fate after the liberation of the region as her tracks have been covered up. The considerable reward of \$50,000 (at the time) was placed on her head but it was never claimed. It is rumoured that Mama Orena went into self-exile in the United States.



Victims of the Simbas

Not without good reason, the very name Simba struck terror into Europeans and Africans alike. Such was the mindless savagery of the Simbas that two well-equipped battalions of government Armée Nationale Congolaise simply evaporated on word reaching them that the Simbas were approaching. Hardly surprisingly these Central African drug-crazed warriors, without the necessity of doing much actual fighting soon commanded half of the former Belgian Congo. The Simbas were very much the Khmer Rouge of Central Africa. The gratuitous violence of the Simbas was such that conjure up visions of hell and damnation.



Christophe Gbenye, President of the Republic People's Republic of Congo, and General Nicholas Olenga at the Lumumba Monument in Stanleyville, summer 1964. Gbenye is standing atop of the flag of the defunct Republic of the Congo (Léopoldville).

As they poised to descend on Kasai Province and the frontiers of Portuguese occupied Angola the Simbas appeared unstoppable. To his credit, Prime Minister Moise Tshombe acted decisively. A resourceful and experienced leader he set about pulling together whatever forces were necessary to turn back the Simba tide. Moise Tshombe wasted no time and he was not too fussy about the background or credentials of those who made up the defensive forces.

As a consequence, the reactionary war against the Simbas was soon going well. However, there was a desperate need for resourceful battle-hardened experienced mercenaries. It was no secret that for the large part the conventional forces of the Congo Republic was poorly trained and inexperienced natives in uniform. The army of the new Republic were in effect little more than irregulars. There was also a need for experienced servicemen to train these irregulars and conventional forces.

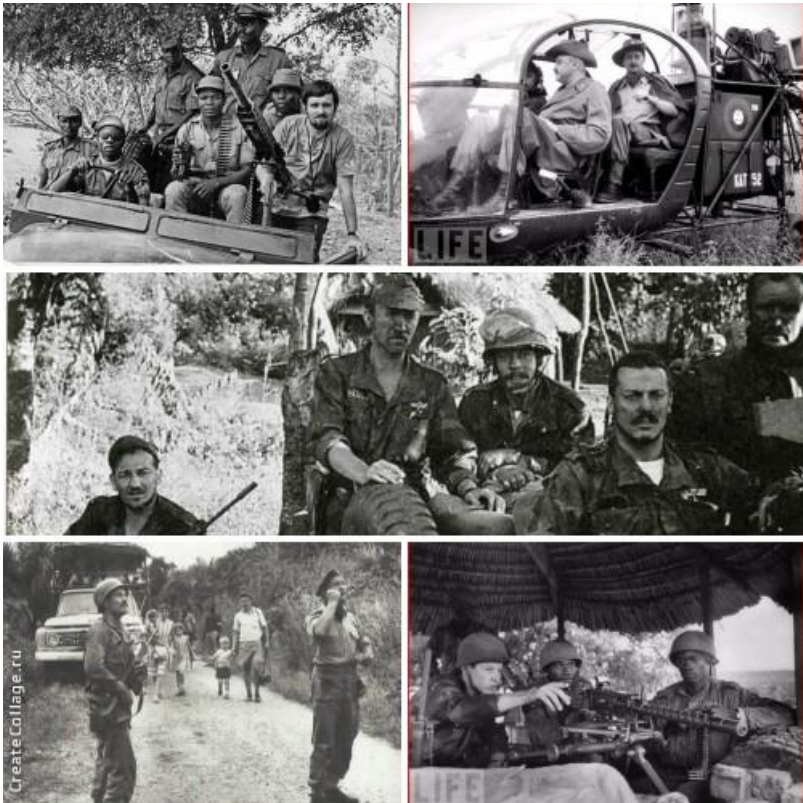


Again, Moise Tshombe acted decisively. The vacuum of military talent was filled by several hundred European dogs-of-war recruited in Paris, London and Brussels. These formations of mostly experienced troops were largely made up of German, French, South African, Irish, Spanish and Portuguese military veterans. Many of these men were veterans of World War Two campaigns and often former enemy combatants. Their soldierly expertise was decisive in the war against the Simbas despite the fact that their presence as Europeans actually assisted the anti-European propaganda of the opposing forces.



16-gun mercenary Jeep

The average Congolese is clueless about the history and make-up of Europe. As might be expected the mercenaries involvement was sold as evidence of European colonialism rearing its ugly head. This was counterbalanced by the popular sentiment that the dogs-of-war were avenging angels and heaven-sent to inflict punishment on the Simbas.



The Soviets, who backed the Simbas, were uncaring of their public image. Communist aid, training and equipment bolstered the Simbas. As a consequence, the corresponding mercenary presence was to grow and become more widespread. However, it seemed that Moscow had backed the losers.

The presence of these mostly European mercenaries was pivotal and the Simba onslaught was stopped in its tracks. What motivated Europe's ex-servicemen to drop whatever they were doing and deploy to Central Africa? First and foremost a soldier is a fish out of water in civilian life. He misses the discipline, the training, comradeship and adventure. If the pay is good then that is, of course, a bonus. Europe's unemployed ex-servicemen were promised gold and substantial land by Moïse Tshombe in return for their presence in his armed forces.

Held out was the promise of a privileged life as a European settler in a post-emergency peaceful and prosperous Congo Republic. As in the then Rhodesia, Portuguese Mozambique, Angola and European managed South Africa, there would

be ample opportunity for pioneers to own and manage vast swathes of productive landholdings. These fighting men must have imagined sprawling villas and gardens, household staff and the perks of a settler's life. Who then would wish to face their future as a factory manager, truck driver or perhaps salesman in Dublin or Ostend?

Mercenaries who had already been attracted to the Congo Republic found their ranks swelled by these new recruits. Most if not all these former servicemen were colourful characters and certainly earned their last gladiators sobriquet. Many British ex-servicemen would have seen action in Burma and Malaya, Cyprus, Korea, Aden, Kenya, Palestine and elsewhere. These Wild Geese were to become the fire-fighters in the war against the Simbas.

The camaraderie and spirit not to mention the influence of the dogs-of-war can never be underestimated. The Congo Crisis was not confined to Katanga or any other single province. Throughout the Congo Republic, there were many areas of armed conflict. Unrest, fighting and atrocities were widespread as warlords jostled for position and influence. Like wildfires, conflict was prone to break out anywhere.

When conflict did break out it spread alarmingly and without warning. With hindsight, the Congo Crisis offers the opportunity to give due credit to a pan-European fighting force that was central to a conflict in which there were quite definite divisions of black and white. Not in an ethnic sense but in a sense of good against evil.



Training members of the conventional armed forces was very much routine for European mercenaries.

EPIC SIEGE OF JADOTVILLE



Comdt. Pat Quinlan, second from right, with the Norwegian pilot Bjorne Hovden, left, and Swedish co-pilot, right, of a U.N. helicopter that landed in Jadotville under heavy fire during the battle, in an attempt to deliver water to Irish troops. A Company's Swedish interpreter Lars Froberg is second from left. Courtesy of Leo Quinlan

Over the centuries Africa has provided the setting for battles equal to any clashes fought with great valour in Europe or Asia. Little is known of many of these engagements due to their not fitting the politically correct narrative. Two epic movies did tear apart the curtain of discreet silence; Zulu and The Wild Geese. Both films were inspired by the books of unknown unsuccessful authors. These movies inspired by the aforementioned books were privately financed yet when produced were great box office successes.

The 1961 Siege of Jadotville for good reason has been described as the equal to the 1879 siege of Rorke's Drift. Jadotville (today Likasi) is a small town situated in the newly independent Congo Republic. The township was the scene of a battle that if better known will inspire as much as did the defence of Rorke's Drift.

The Jadotville siege took place from September 13, 1961, during the hapless United Nations Congo Crisis intervention. The United Nations Organisation, already notorious for making bad matters worse, deployed the Irish Army 35th Battalion to defend the small Congolese mining township. The small mining community was populated by Congolese natives and mostly Belgian Europeans. Painfully aware of the UN's shortcomings elsewhere in the war-torn country the Jadotville community was not supportive of the UN military presence in their town. There was a general preference for the breakaway Katanga government of Moise Tshombe. Faced by local hostility this led to further isolation for 'A' Company Battalion.



Left: CO Pat Quinlan poses with ‘A’ Battalion in Elizabethville prior to their being caught up in the Siege of Jadotville situated 80 miles away from Elizabethville.

Under attack from troops loyal to the breakaway Katanga Government, the undermanned outnumbered and virtually disarmed Irish troops were abandoned by the UN to their fate. The six-day onslaught by the Katanga Gendarmerie loyal to Prime Minister Moïse Tshombe was relentless.

The Irish contingent consisted of 155 Irish troops and was under UN command. Styled as ‘A Company’, the battalion’s commander was Pat Quinlan. The small lightly armed Irish contingent charged with the defence of Jadotville resisted assaults for six days and nights. Thanks to the inept United Nations Command the besieged and now abandoned troops were clueless as to their fate. A UN relief force was deployed but it failed abysmally in its mission.



Commandant Pat Quinlan

Throughout the uneven siege, the struggling Irish troops held their positions and fought valiantly. The first attack was launched whilst the Irish troops were attending an open-air Mass. This was planned to catch the defenders unarmed and off their guard. Alerted by a warning shot by the aptly named Sergeant Billy Ready who was on sentry duty a six-day battle followed. Sergeant Ready was wounded in the first exchanges of fire.

The attackers were largely Katanga Gendarmeries, Luba Tribesmen and a mixed bag of European mercenaries. It is estimated that the 155 Irish troops faced down as many as 5,000 fighters. Some of their adversaries were European mercenaries but mostly heavily armed Africans.

The Katanga Gendarmerie and their mercenaries were strengthened by air support fitted with under-wing bombs and machineguns. The lightly armed Irish force had only light weapons and a few water-cooled Vickers machineguns and 60mm mortars. A radio message crackled over the fetid Central African atmosphere: 'We will hold out until our last bullet is spent. We could do with some whiskey.'

Wave after wave of 600-strong Katanga gendarmerie attacked the small outpost of defenders. The defensive fire over the next five days was accurate as it was lethal and the UN's attacking forces were scythed and harvested by hails of ammunition. Such was the fury of the Irish defence that many of the routed attackers turned to flee but were gunned down by European mercenaries.



'A' Company battalion at Jadotville

Such was the defence that the Katangese, whose forces had been more than halved, pleaded for a cease-fire. Commandant Pat Quinlan, realising that further resistance was futile, reluctantly agreed to the request. The Commander could only guess at the battalion's overall position.

'A' Company, 35th Battalion suffered five wounded troops. The number of mortalities and injuries suffered by the attacking forces is largely guesswork.

It is known that as many as 300 of the battalion's assailants were killed. These included 30 mostly European mercenaries. Overall, it is estimated that 1,000 troops loyal to Moise Tshombe were mown down. The ratio of injured would have been much higher.

The ceasefire was an ambivalent arrangement as the defenders on the sixth day of the siege were completely out of ammunition. The Irish servicemen at that point had nothing left to bargain with. Having been abandoned to their fate the ceasefire was broken by the Katanga Gendarmerie.

It was clear that their situation was untenable. Commandant Pat Quinlan knew that there could only be one outcome; surrender. The battalion surrendered only when there was no possibility of relief and their arsenal including food supplies were exhausted. But, Moise Tshombe's armed forces on this one occasion had been thoroughly humiliated by the town's Irish defenders. Losses suffered by the Katanga Gendarmerie and European mercenaries were out of all proportion to the few injuries suffered by the Irish defenders.

Held as hostages for about one month the guileful Katanga victors held also the United Nations to ransom. A prisoner exchange was later affected to the advantage of the government of Moise Tshombe. Thus, a former department store retailer had humiliated the omnipotent New York-based United Nations. Nevertheless, during the siege, Tshombe's forces had been decimated and disgraced by a small Irish Army contingent who had little or no fighting experience. Eventually, the gallant defenders of Jadotville, unknown and unheralded, were rotated and were back home in Ireland for Christmas.

The battalion's troops, arguably the bravest and most successful in independent Ireland's history, were afterwards abandoned by their government. Although their epic battle was on a par with that of Rorke's Drift the Siege of Jadotville had been a disaster for the United Nations. Because the UN was considered more important than Irish valour the affair was played down.



Donegal born Henry Hegerty was 17-years old when he fought valiantly at The Siege of Jadotville.

Over 40 years were to pass before the Irish government, after much pressure being applied, was to grudgingly concede the heroism of their troops under fire. Often derided for their 'surrender' none of the Irish troops involved in the defence of Jadotville was decorated. Although their commanding officer recommended a number of men for their being awarded Ireland's Military Medal for Gallantry (MMG) this request was turned down. Only in 2016 did the unpopular Irish government award a Presidential Unit Citation to 'A' Company. It was the first in the nation's short history. Commanding Officer Colonel Pat Quinlan was never to serve overseas again. The gallant soldier's reputation was restored nine years after his death in 1997.

The veterans of 'A' Company then and since held their commanding officer in the highest esteem. Due to his quick appraisal and response taken at the outset of the unexpected attack the company's commandant ordered his men to take up defensive positions and to dig in. Forced into a situation, not of his own making he and his small band of troops held the town under siege in which his men were outnumbered 31 / 1.

Some of the defenders like John Gorman and Donegal born Henry Hegerty were 17-year old teenagers who had no fighting experience. During the five-day battle, Commandant Pat Quinlan was credited with saving the lives of every one of the men under his command. It is unlikely that any other commanding officer has held such distinction under such appalling circumstances.

It was only during the 21st Century that the Battle of Jadotville was officially recognised. In 2005 a commemorative stone was erected in the grounds of Custume Barracks in Athlone. A commissioned portrait is placed in The Congo Room of the Irish Defence Force's UN school. A movie, *The Siege of Jadotville: The Irish Army's Forgotten Battle* (2016) has since been released and should attract as large an audience as did *Zulu* and *The Wild Geese*.



Commandant Pat Quinlan is pictured on the left of the group

THE MOST DANGEROUS PEOPLE ON EARTH

'The most dangerous people in the world are not the tiny minority instigating evil acts, but those who do the acts for them.

When for example Britain occupied India, many natives collaborated in the war against those who resisted the occupation. Many native-born Indians were hired to kill other Indians on behalf of the non-Indian enemy for a pay check.'



Today, we have mercenaries in many parts of Africa. Western corporations fund proxy armies in all parts of the world, especially the near and Middle East. To act in war without a conscience, but for a pay check, makes anyone a dangerous animal. The devil would be powerless if he couldn't entice people to do his work. So as long as money continues to seduce the hungry, the hopeless, the broken, the greedy, and the needy, there will always be war between brothers.' ~ Suzy Kassem.

MICHAEL WALSH HISTORIAN
keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

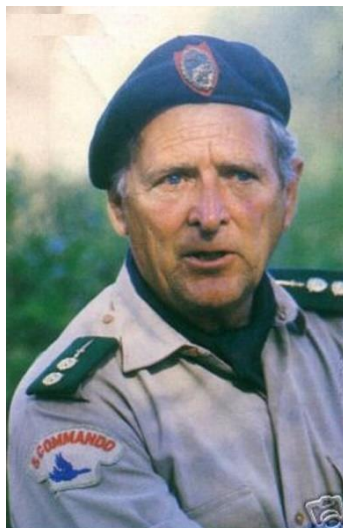
**VOTED WRITER
OF THE YEAR 2011**

**VOLUNTARY ONLINE
BANK-TO-BANK TRANSFERS INVITED**

imgflip.com

THE LAST GLADIATORS Michael Walsh. Veterans of the Waffen SS, French Foreign Legion, British Parachute Regiment, Congo Crisis and African conflicts include legends like Colonel Mike Hoare, Black Jack Schramme, Colonel Bob Denard, Major Siegfried Müller. French Legionnaire Roger Faulques and ex-Hitler Youth Rolf Steiner. Updated, action-packed and fully illustrated 28 stories of legends. **READ FREE:** A gratuity direct to the author appreciated. Michael will send you his bank details if you wish to transfer as little as £10 or equivalent and cashier's checks. A transfer is free, easier and cheaper than placing an Amazon order. Contact Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MIKE HOARE



Lieutenant-Colonel Mad Mike' Hoare, Commando 5

Mercenary 'Mad Mike' Hoare was perhaps the best known of the European mercenaries who fought in the Congo Crisis. Born in Calcutta to Irish parents he was educated in England. Now at 101-years old, he has seemingly benefited from the unstinting devotion of a very special and caring guardian angel. A veteran of numerous conflicts, Mike Hoare earned his spurs as an officer in the London Irish Rifles.

What does an army captain do when World War Two becomes history? He becomes a chartered accountant of course. White ruled South Africa was a magnet for many disenchanted Britons. Mike Hoare was no exception and the amiable Brit set up a chartered accountant's business in South Africa.

As a South African resident, Mike Hoare combined his sense of adventure and soldierly knowhow to organising safaris. Meantime, in post-colonial Africa, there were numerous tribal and political rivalries. Many were fuelled, armed and supplied by Western and Soviet interests. There was no end of opportunities for those with guns and military experience to hire.



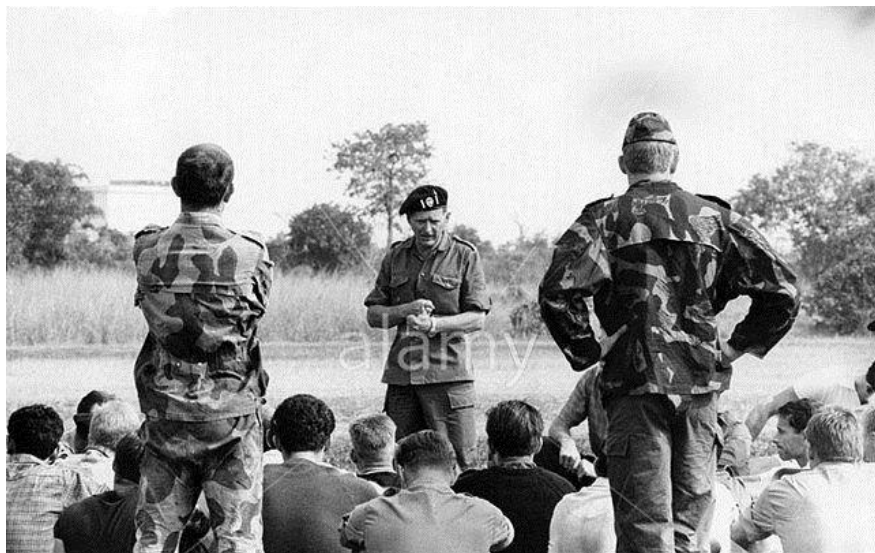
Ian Yule served Commando 5. Yule was a veteran of the British Parachute Regiment and Special Air Service (SAS).

The Congo Crisis was set to catapult Major Mike Hoare into international fame or notoriety depending on whom you placed your bets on. In 1960 the ex-British Army veteran saw his first action when the Congolese province of Katanga separated from the Congo Republic. Major Mike Hoare commanded 4 Commando. The officer was recruited by the republic's Prime Minister Moise Tshombe to command the more conventional unit we know as 5 Commando ANC.

This unit was a part of the regular Armée Nationale Congolaise. Mike Hoare's second-in-command was Alistair Wicks. Their mission was to deal with the insurgents of the Simba Rebellion then threatening the sovereignty of Prime Minister Tshombe's legitimate executive.

The professionalism of the native troops of the Republic's conventional army left much to be desired. The soldierly qualities of European mercenaries were essential for dealing with the Simba revolt as the poorly trained Armée Nationale Congolaise troops proved to be as useless as a walking stick with a wheel on it. Clearly, the major was going to need expert assistance. Mike Hoare was soon surrounded by and working in association with a colourful diversity of battle-hardened mostly-European mercenaries.

Commando 5's most notable success was the relief of Stanleyville and the evacuation of 1,600 civilians from the Simba held city. The rescued Europeans were no doubt ready to elevate Mike Hoare to sainthood. His reward was a more pragmatic promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel and his Commando Five was expanded into two fighting units.



Col. Mike Hoare training camp



Fleeing Europeans

The moniker Mad Mike owes its origins to Communist East Germany's radio broadcasts. Any pro-Soviet commentary on the emerging Congo Crisis was invariably preceded by the hysterical denunciation of 'the mad bloodhound, Mike Hoare.'

The producers and directors involved in making of *The Wild Geese* movie called upon Lieutenant-Colonel Hoare to provide technical advice.

The part played by Welsh actor Richard Burton (Colonel Alan Faulkner) was modelled on Lieutenant-Colonel Mike Hoare.



Lieutenant-Colonel Mike Hoare and comrade combatants

An excellent film, the cast included Ian Yule who had served under the colonel in Commando 5. Yule was a veteran of the British Parachute Regiment and Special Air Service (SAS). There was an interesting bunch of colourful characters in the movie's cast. The cast included four mercenaries who were South African born and two who were former prisoners-of-war. Most of the cast had received formal military training and many of the epic movie's heroes drew on their past military experiences.

No doubt their background added a great deal of realism to the movie. This helped to make the movie an outstanding success. One of those with a distinguished military background was Hardy Kruger. Born in Berlin in 1928 Hardy Kruger's acting career took off when before the collapse of the Reich he played parts in a number of movies related to Hitler's Third Reich.



Kruger as a child flag gunner

His parents were ardent National Socialists: 'I was raised to love Adolf Hitler', he stated in a 2016 interview. From 1941, he went to an elite Adolf Hitler School at the Ordensburg Sonthofen. At age 15, Hardy made his film debut in a German picture, *The Young Eagles*.

His acting career was interrupted when he was conscripted into the German Wehrmacht in 1944 at the age 16. Even as a man-child, Hardy Kruger was battle-scarred during the intense fighting against the Americans before his being captured whilst on the run in Tyrol. It was because of Kruger's archetypal Germanic features and persona that he was often assigned roles portraying German soldier or officers.



In real life one of the main actors in The Wild Geese movie was former Waffen SS serviceman Hardy Krüger who had fought bravely in France before being captured by the U.S. Armed Forces.



In *The One That Got Away* movie, Kruger played the part of Baron Franz von Werra. The movie recounted the real-life escape story of the Swiss-born Luftwaffe flying ace that after capture during the Battle of Britain escaped and was captured several times. A real white-knuckle ride of a book and a movie it masterfully relates the true account of the hero pilot's last escape across Canada's Lawrence River to an uncertain refuge in New York's German consulate. The story of one of the Reich's most colourful flying aces is told in Mike Walsh's *Heroes of the Reich* available on Amazon.

Richard Burton who plays Colonel Saunders in the *Wild Geese* served in the Royal Air Force (RAF). Burton was a navigator for three years before being discharged in 1947. Others who starred in *The Wild Geese* movie and who drew on their military experience included Roger Moore and Jack Watson who was a physical training instructor in the Royal Navy.

ROGER MOORE

Roger Moore was 18-years old when in 1945 he was conscripted for National Service. Commissioned into the Royal Army Service Corp as a second-lieutenant Moore was allocated the service number 372394. Roger Moore was eventually promoted to captain and commanded a small unit in British Occupied Germany.



THE STRUGGLE TO SAVE SIMBA HOSTAGES



Rescued hostages



PHYLLIS HOARE (NEE SIMS) PASSED AWAY 2009



Mrs Phyllis Hoare Mike Hoare's wife, former airline hostess

In March 1983, Phyllis Hoare wrote to Harry G Smith with a heads-up on the fate of mercenaries still languishing in South African and Seychelles prisons. The content of the letter is revealing in that it exposes the double standards of the supposedly anti-Soviet West and that of the Botha South African government. Whilst South Africa's new laws prohibited South African-trained forces personnel to be employed as mercenaries there was never pressure applied to the Soviets to apply similar restrictions.

Box 441
Hilton
Natal
3245
1st Jan 1985

Dear Harry

many thanks for your beautiful card. By now you would or rather might have heard the good news that Mike is due to be released on the 28th Jan. 1985. Ofcourse the press here are making a great spectacular of the whole thing, it may or may not be in your papers. PW declared an amnesty for prisoners and Mike was in it. Quite extraordinary for SA.

He is in great shape and full of plans for the future, perhaps you felt the same? How are you? I often wonder if you ever were Born Again??? Should I mind my own business, sorry.

Keep well and in touch,

Yours truly

Phyllis Hoare and Mike Hoare

Harry, have I addressed you wrongly? as Mr? or Should it be Major? with all these soldiers in my life I never know if I am doing the right thing.



Richard Burton who played Colonel Saunders served as an RAF navigator until discharged in 1947.

BRITISH MEDIA HOSTILE TO MERCENARIES

As in the case of all mainstream media, BBC policy took a hostile stance to the 1960s mercenaries. Oddly, the same media turns a blind eye to the mercenaries of the 21st Century openly employed and deployed by Washington DC. The mercenaries of 1960s Africa were invariably depicted as immoral scavengers of human misery. On the other hand, mercenaries employed directly or indirectly by the Kremlin and drawn from the Soviet Bloc and Cuba were portrayed as freedom fighters.

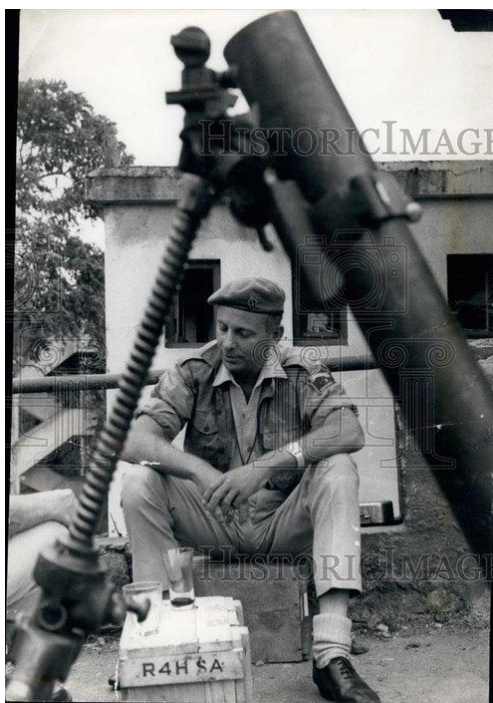
JEAN BLACK JACK SCHRAMME (1929 ~ 1988)

Born in 1929, Belgian national Jean Schramme had little need to travel to the Congo Republic. As manager of a vast estate in the Belgian Congo, Schramme was already a Congo national during the crisis. The locale to his contribution was the scene of the unrest following the breakaway of mineral-rich Katanga and Kasai Provinces.

Jean Schramme became better known to the world after the suspicious death of deposed Katanga President Moïse Tshombe in 1967 in an Algiers prison. The planter turned mercenary had then led an uprising against pretender and incumbent Mobutu. On July 5, 1967, 10 Commando African National Council (ANC) under the command of Major Jean Black Jack Schramme launched spectacular lightning strikes on Stanleyville, Kindu and Bukavu.



Major Jean Black Jack Schramme.



Major Jean Schramme.

The Belgian mercenary was self-charged to take Stanleyville. His unit succeeded in taking Bukavu by August 10. The town was held for seven weeks during which time his troop strength was added to considerably.



Black Jack Schramme's forces enter Bukavu to rescue hostages from the Simbas.

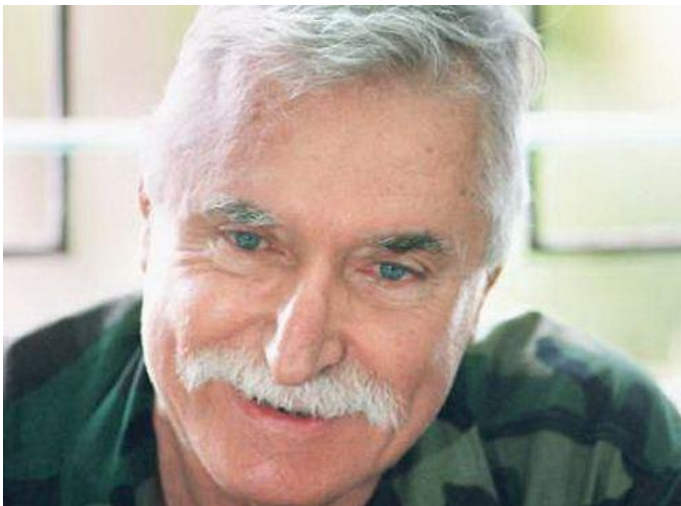


After the liberation crowds cheer the Congolese Army as it enters Bukavu

All efforts to retake Bukavu from Schramme's militias failed. The exhausted ANC forces later regrouped and Bukavu, in the end, was wrested from the luckless Jean Schramme. His contingent or rather those who survived the debacle fled to neighbouring Ruanda, which was another former Belgian colony.

In the spring of 1968, Colonel Schramme and other pan-European soldiers-of-fortune returned to their homelands. Schramme was to receive a 20-year prison sentence after his being charged with murder. The former plantation owner was in exile at the time of the trial and sentence. Black Jack Schramme never again appeared as a public figure after the Congo Crisis. Rumours about his whereabouts continued to make the pages of media. A presumption was that the legend had exiled himself to Latin America. This was proven to be true for at the time of his death in 1988 the mercenary was a resident of Brazil.

COLONEL BOB DENARD (1929 ~ 2007)



French Colonel Bob Denard

Bob Denard was something of a Lawrence of Arabia character. The legendary T. E Lawrence, whose exploits earned him the Lawrence of Arabia sobriquet, was certainly a colourful wanderer. The original T. E Lawrence who served in the Royal Air Force was also very much his own man. The British hero much admired Adolf Hitler and Lawrence was almost certainly murdered by MI5 for being too anti-war.

Frenchman Colonel Bob Denard was a professional soldier's soldier. He was born in the right country at the right time. A veteran of the troubles that marked the passage to the independence of the African colonies Denard went on to leave his mark during the Katanga secession. Most hired-guns would be happy to leave it at that but not Colonel Bob. His past had not only caught up with him but was beckoning seductively. The colonel went on to lead from the front during a number of uprisings and conflicts that marked the transfer of post-colonial Africa to American corporate colonisation.



Colonel Bob Denard

Africa today is likely less independent that it was when the Dark Continent was a European colony. What has happened is that colonial power and profits have been transferred to the international banks and multinational corporations of the United States. The birth of modern Africa was a breech birth; the breech being that of a firearm rather than a woman's uterus. Other than the Congo, Colonel Bob Denard fought in Angola, Rhodesia (Now Zimbabwe) and Gabon.

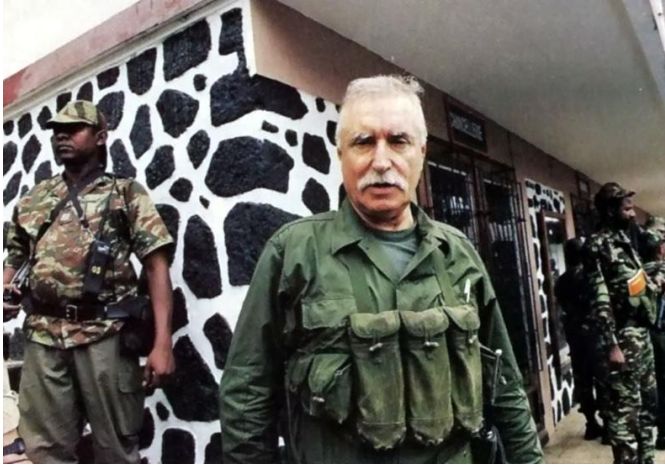


It is said that old soldiers never die they just fade away. In Colonel Bob Denard's case, the fading was similar to a meteor's fading arc. The genial 46-year-old Frenchman remained in active service and he remained so until 1995.

Never-say-die Denard took part in four coup attempts in the Comoro Islands. One imagines there were not a few national leaders on the African continent wanting to know where Bob Denard was at any given time. One cannot be sure where the wayward wanderer found the time to marry seven women during his interesting

lifetime. Very much the polygamist Colonel Bob Denard fathered eight children ~ that we know about.

Colonel Bob Denard did not change his name quite as often as he changed wives but change his name he did on several occasions. Bob Denard was otherwise known as Gilbert Bourgeaud and Said Mustapha Mahdjoub. One can only hope he had a good memory as the colonel went on his merry and not so merry way.



Colonel Bob Denard

All in all, Colonel Bob Denard's curriculum vitae would make a pen-pushing clerk blush with envy. By the end of the Belgian's career, his battle honours would include service with the French Navy in Indochina and French Algeria. He had served a 5-year stint as a policeman in Morocco. Surprisingly, the adventurer had once worked and earned as a washing machine salesman; the man who would be king indeed.

During his service as a Moroccan policeman job, Colonel Bob Denard was convicted of being involved in an assassination plot against French government minister Pierre Mendes-France. Despite the minister's pro-Communist sympathies and alliances, Mendes-France had earned the approval of the French electorate for pulling out of French Indo-China. Now Vietnam, the Far East colony's rebellions had by this time claimed 92,000 French lives and resulted in 114,000 wounded. Furthermore, 28,000 French had been taken into captivity.

Pierre Mendes-France was much the French equivalent of Britain's Premier Harold McMillan whose 'winds of change' speech had signalled the end of imperial rule. The British Prime Minister's French counterpart was just as keen to disentangle France from its travails in Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria.

For taking part in the plot to have Pierre Mendes-France assassinated Colonel Bob received a slap on the wrist 14-month term in the slammer. If the purpose of the prison sentence was to teach Bob a lesson it failed. As soon as he walked to freedom Denard disappeared into Africa to add distinction to his already commendable collection of anti-colonialists struggles and conflicts.



French government minister Pierre Mendès-France Was victim of Day of the Jackal type assassination plot



Che Guevara and diverse Cubans were sent to the Congo courtesy of the Kremlin and Cuban President Fidel Castro. Western media journalists depicted Moscow's sponsored mercenaries as freedom fighters.

The colonel's name became widely known during the Congo Crisis. He made his debut by help who had been encircled by the Simbas. Following this triumph he and his comrades made their way to Portuguese Angola for a respite.

One year on and after yet another Congo Republic coup he changed sides and was now fighting on behalf of the separatists and Belgian mercenaries under the command of Belgian Black Jack Schramme. Denard was wounded during an engagement and soon afterwards evacuated by a stolen DC3 from Air Congo together with 14 wounded mercenaries and flown to Prime Minister Ian Smith's Rhodesia. The breakaway former British colony in 1965 had declared unilateral independence.

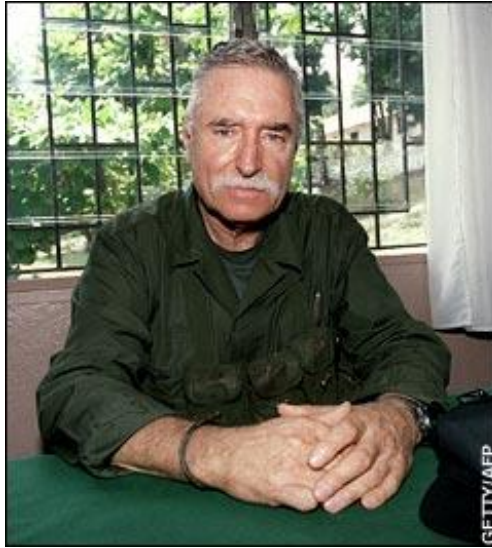
As with all human endeavours, there were times when circumstance resulted in farce. The worst debacle occurred when on November 1, 1967, Colonel Bob Denard led a 100 strong bicycle-borne invasion of Katanga. This was a ploy to draw off forces from besieged Bukavu but was to fail abysmally.



Denard under arrest by French Special Forces in 1995

Denard went on to see active service in UDI Rhodesia, Yemen, Iran, Nigeria, Benin, Gabon, Angola, Zaire and the Comoros Islands. The latter it might be said would have been well used to coups as the islands had so far been the victim of over 20 attempts at regime change. One would think that the mere appearance of the Frenchman at passport patrol would have given cause for national leaders to double their guard.

The long arm of the law finally touched the collar of the French soldier-of-considerable-fortune. Sentenced to four years imprisonment, three of which were suspended, Denard's deteriorating health was the reason given for his being granted amnesty. Suffering from Alzheimer's Colonel Bob Denard passed away peacefully on October 14, 2007. Very few of those he had crossed swords with could boast likewise.



French Colonel Bob Denard shortly before his death in 2007

THE COLOURS OF THEIR PROFESSION

‘The sunrise was the colour of bad blood. It leaked out of the east and stained the dark sky red, marked the scraps of the cloud with stolen gold. Underneath it the road twisted up the mountainside towards the fortress of Fontezarmo, a cluster of sharp towers, ash-black again the wounded heavens. The sunrise was red, black and gold; the colours of their mercenary profession.’ ~ Joe Abercrombie.



Dropping supplies during the Congo Crisis

WHOSE SIDE THE PRESS

As White governed South Africa edged closer to the abyss Western journalists left little doubt as to where their sympathies, loyalties and salaries lay. BBC news crews were constantly reprimanded for distorting news. The state-run monopoly's broadcasters were often caught setting up stories. A common trick employed by members of television crews' trick was to throw a handful of coins into public trash bins.

As any children, African youngsters would scramble in the bins to recover the coins. BBC photographers then took images and newsreel later claim that 'In Apartheid South Africa the Whites live well whilst African children forage for food in rubbish bins.'

There was one occasion when a BBC team was cautioned. The team had superimposed images of South African Army tanks and armoured cars as a backdrop to a peaceful European park scene. The news report claimed that 'Whites relax but only when protected by their Apartheid army.'

A correspondent writes: My late brother lived in England and said that they (British TV) would show the black children being held in concentration camps on TV. But, the pictures were of the children from Khayalitsha standing at the fence of the airport watching planes taking off.

SIEGFRIED MUELLER (1920 ~ 1983)



Ex-Wehrmacht hero Siegfried Müller

Otherwise known as Kongo-Müller, the German-born former army officer had previously served in the Third Reich's Wehrmacht. Müller's birthplace was now a far cry from the prosperity it had enjoyed during the seven years before World War II had broken out. After the Allies carved up Germany, Crossen an der Oder where Siegfried Müller was born and raised no longer in Germany but in Poland.



Siegfried Müller as a Luftwaffe ace

Fighting under the command of Colonel Mike Hoare, whose armies Müller's had once fought against the good-humoured German acquitted himself well. Highly respected, the former member of the Hitler Jugend was known for his good humour, high spirits and sense of camaraderie.



A flying column on a recce. BACK ROW Lieut. Dave Braham, Sgt Mansfield, Lieutenant Ron Columbic. CENTRE Lieut. Smallman Sergeant Tim Dreyer. FRONT Commandant John Peters, Sgt Hammond. All were killed or wounded in action.

During his service with the Wehrmacht Müller had fought in the Polish and French campaigns. Siegfried Müller also experienced life and many near-death experiences on the Eastern Front. Things didn't get much better in the Western campaigns during which Kongo-Müller was seriously wounded.

Taken prisoner by the Americans the amiable officer survived the calamity of the Reich's downfall. When in 1947 Müller was finally released from U.S. captivity. In the United States, there was little by the way of employment opportunities for jobless ex-Wehrmacht troops. Müller enlisted in the U.S. Army Civilian Labour Group (CLG). This was an American labor service unit created for the purpose of turning former captive slaves to modestly salaried ones. As such Müller was promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

Müller whilst in the United States yearned to return to his heimatland. In 1956 the nostalgic Müller applied to join the Bundeswehr which was Germany's post-war army. Sadly, it was a case of *danke nein danke*. However, the German army's loss was Shell Petroleum's gain. The mineral wealth of the Sahara deserts was up for grabs but first the task of dealing with the minefields laid by Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korp during the war. Mine clearance paid well but occasionally the price was death.

From Libya, Müller in 1962 migrated to the Republic of South Africa. It was whilst in the Republic that in 1964 he was recruited as a mercenary with the rank of Lieutenant. At the ripe old age of 42 years Müller was the oldest of Mike Hoare's troops.



Jungle cover

During the Albertville operation, the ex-German army officer commanded 52 Commando which was a sub-unit of 5 Commando. His military charge comprised approximately fifty troops. Müller was promoted to Captain but the campaign under the command of Major Hoare wasn't successful. Major Hoare and Siegfried Müller had little choice but to flee after two comrade mercenaries had been killed and a further two wounded. Müller was afterwards fired by the Irish-born major.

Siegfried Müller afterwards became an adviser for the Congolese commandant Makito. In January 1965 Siegfried Müller was promoted to major in the 6 Commando.

Throughout the campaign, Müller attached to his uniform his World War II Iron Cross First Class. This naturally caught the attention of scribblers working on behalf of TIME Magazine and the American-owned Der Spiegel (The Mirror) periodical.



As might be expected the two periodicals made a fuss over it. Tough shit, Müller's Iron Cross First Class remained in place. The fighting German who from 1939 had known only the bitterest fronts of warfare finally succumbed to stomach cancer. At the time of his passing in 1983, he was resident of Boksburg, a suburb of Johannesburg in South Africa.

YVES DEBAY (1954 ~ 2013)



Yves Debay War-Correspondent

Yves Debay doesn't quite fit the description of a mercenary. First and foremost, the French-Belgian was a war correspondent and photo-journalist of enormous experience and ability. For the large part, Debay's extraordinary life and his camera was focused on the Dark Continent's emergence as a clutch of quasi-independent nations. By mercenaries, Debay was regarded as one of the squad; a brother and confidant who emphasised with the dogs-of-war.

No pap-magazines or celebrity gossip periodical suited this camera-wielding son-of-a-gun journalist. The Frenchman cut his teeth on the French magazines' *Raids* and *Assaut* (Assault). The periodicals titles explain what lay under their covers and it wasn't partly draped ladies. Perhaps this gallant photo-journalist should have stayed in Africa. He was the first Belgian journalist to be killed in the Syrian conflict.

Of Belgian-French stock, Yves Debay was born in the Belgian Congo with his actual birthplace being Elizabethville. As a twenty-one-year-old Debay enlisted in the Belgian Army and after training became a tank commander. A little later relative independence and freedom of movement offered by life as a mercenary pulled him out from the tank turret.

Debay became a French citizen in 1987. The now Frenchman was absorbed not so much by the military life as by the far more buccaneering lifestyle of Africa's dogs-of-war. The rewards and freedom from such irritants as passport control brought him to discover that the pen might indeed be mightier than the sword.

Bar-hopping mainstream journalists are notorious for their fantasy spin. Many war correspondents report from the front-lines without actually visiting the front. They rely largely on hearsay which is often exaggerated military gossip.

Debay and a handful of front-line experienced veterans knew that insatiable thirst for news was better served up in the actual kitchen rather than the living rooms. True military enthusiasts and journalists wishing to get hard news without personal risk came to rely on sharp edge journalism of the same mettle as Debay.

Ci-dessus. Engagement réussi. L'auteur, intégré au sein du « support troop » du Rhodesian Armoured Car, vient de descendre au fusil d'assaut un terroriste.

46



During the 1970s Yves Debay served with the Rhodesia Armoured Car Regiment. Here, he poses with an insurgent for whom it can be said the war is over.

A consummate man of action Yves Debay during the 1970s served in the Rhodesia Armoured Car Regiment. Fire fighting from one skirmish to another in the

bush, the French Belgian took the fight to the insurgents much to their cost. It seems ironic that the sobriquet of the Rhodesian Armoured Corps (RAC) was The Black Devils. It is best left to others to ponder such engaging matters. The Rhodesian Armoured Corp was no Royal Automobile Association.

The South African regiment had fought well in the closing stages of World War II. Ironically, the regiment had done so in the belief that they were fighting to preserve an empire. This was the empire that their earlier uniformed comrades-in-arms Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden would soon dismantle.



South Africa Bush Wars

The Rhodesian Armoured Car Regiment had once been engaged in the occupation of the wild-country otherwise known as Aden's Crater District. Here was a place where angels truly fear to tread. Having visited Aden, I confess to my having ventured into the heart of this Arab shanty town at darkest night and emerged unscathed. When on our return we two were apprehended by a British Army patrol the troops found it hard to believe that gauche British sailors could have had the guts to venture into such a place. Frankly, it wasn't guts, it was stupidity.



A British Army foot patrol in Aden 1962

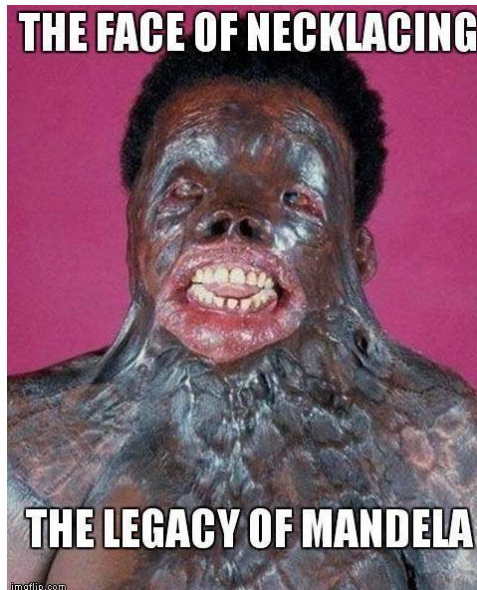


Robert K. Brown and Yves Debay in action

Later, during the 1970s independent Rhodesia's bush wars against African insurgents the RAC fought in several major campaigns and hard-won battles.



Media claims former South African President Nelson Mandela had been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for resisting apartheid. Never mentioned were the many terrorist offences with which the violent revolutionary was charged and convicted. This image shows Nelson Mandela giving the Communist clench fist salute.



He is in the company of his then-wife Winnie. The non-coloured member of the troika is Joe Slovo. An active member of the South African Communist Party, Slovo spent his life as an attorney defending Jewish and Negro terrorists. He was also a founder member of the armed wing of the ANC, Umkhonto We Sizwe'.

He was detained under the Suppression of Communism Act following events at Sharpeville. The ANC had been instrumental in encouraging attacks on European policemen.

On getting wind of a crackdown on the ANC and its armed wing Joe Slovo fled to London. There he was often in the company of former terrorist Peter Haines who was to become a government minister in the British Labour Party.

In 1977 the firebrand settled in Mozambique and set up an operational centre for the African National Congress. He was again exiled following a cross border security agreement between White ruled South Africa and Mozambique. Prime Minister Ian Smith's unilaterally declared independent Rhodesia was media vilified much as was later Libya's President Gaddafi, Iraq President Saddam Hussein and Syria's President Assad. Yves Debay went on to serve in the South African Army during the white-ruled nation's war against terrorism.

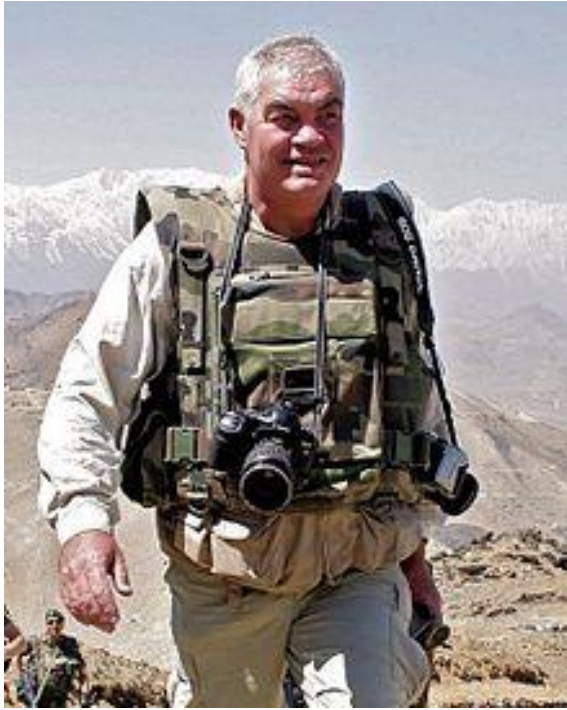


Flag of European managed South Africa

The war for White South Africa's survival was far from even-handed. With the passage of time, it is belatedly recognised that Western interference has once again turned a prosperous stable nation into a failed state.

It was Debay's writing skills rather than his undoubted fighting skills that earned the Frenchman his spurs. An avid readership poured over the pages and pictures of *Gazette des Armes* reading his stories and photographs from the front. Many of these reports will still be held in albums for years to come. One of the founder journalists for *Raids* magazine the French photo-journalist was its columnist for twenty-years.

Such was Debay's enthusiasm for war-journalism that he founded *Assuat* (Assault). Somehow, this engaging soldier and cameraman of considerable distinction found time to be the erudite magazine's publisher, editor and of course a major contributing journalist to international journalism.



Yves Debay in Syria before his death

Drawn like a moth to a flame war-correspondent Yves Debay was to see action in Afghanistan, both Iraq wars and Balkan conflict. Wherever Washington DC decided needed a regime change Yves Debay and his camera was to be found. The fighting journalist covered both the overthrow of Libya's Colonel Gadhafi and the futile U.S. attempt to topple President Assad's governing executive in Syria.

It was during this struggle in the global game of chess that the ever-resourceful Yves Debay ran out of luck. When he was killed it was a sad ending for the superstar of war journalism. All that is known is that Yves Debay on January 17, 2013, slipped along a war-ravaged street in Aleppo. A well-sourced story broadcast by Agence France-Presse claimed the French journalist was taken out by a sniper.

On whose side the war correspondent's killer served will never be known and it hardly seems to matter. All that does matter was the world lost one of its most gallant war correspondent's and photo-journalists. The slain corpse was deposited at a border checkpoint situated at Bab al-Salama which is to be found on the Syrian-Turkish frontier.

A fitting tribute to Yves Debay was that of French President Francois Hollande. *France condemns this heinous act and expresses to the family and friends of Yves Debay its condolences, sympathy and solidarity. France pays tribute to Yves Debay and other journalists who, in Syria, pay with their lives for their commitment to freedom of information.'*

THE WHITE LEGION



The Congo Crisis and its aftermath came to a somewhat ignominious end. In 1997 after rather limited successes the White Legion was licked in the Battle of Kisangani. To their credit, there were casualties inflicted but too few to make an impact. Before the city fell the White Legionnaires destroyed their headquarters to prevent their assets being commandeered by the overwhelming forces.

It had all started with so much promise when the White Legion was formed in late 1996. Engaged by President of Zaire Mobutu Sese Seko the Legion comprised approximately 20 mostly eastern Europeans. These men, who in fairness to them were hardly novices, were tasked with defending the City of Kisangani. They would do so as a core force supported by regular Zairian troops. The initiative fell short of success and the group in March the following year disbanded and evaporated.

Eastern Europeans had been chosen by President Mobutu Sese Seko because they were cheaper than the earlier approached Executive Outcomes mercenary supply agency. This mercenary recruitment office had a reservoir of experienced talent harvested in the Sierra Leone Civil War and bush wars in Angola.



The West European presence in Zaire was mostly made up of French nationals. It was a small contingent of no more than thirty men who served under the command of Belgian officer Colonel Christian Tavernier. To this small unit could be added a small number of South African security advisors and pilots.



Bosnian Serb General Ratko Mladic

The Eastern Europeans involved in the conflict were thought to be exclusively Bosnian Serbs. Their numbers fell just short of 100 fighting men. The Bosnian Serb group had previously served under General Ratko Mladic. The warlord attracted considerable notoriety during the NATO Wars in the Balkans (1991 – 1995).

The White Legion engaged by Zairian President Mobutu Sese Seko was mostly made up of members of the 10th Sabotage Detachment of the Bosnian Serb Army. The White Legion fighters included Croatians and Bosnians. At the time, General Mladic was on the run with an international warrant for his arrest. It was rumoured that he was part of the White Legion contingent. However, there is no conclusive evidence to suggest this was other than a rumour. What is known is that the White Legion was under the command of the well-connected Colonel Yugoslav Petrusic also known as Dominic Yugo. Employed to defend the City of Kisangani these fighters were also charged with training the less professional troops of the Zairian regular army.

The pay was piecemeal and rarely lived up to the promises made by President Mobutu. As a consequence, morale suffered from the outcome that the unit's enthusiasm waned. Matters were not helped by the language difficulties encountered. The Congo Republic, apart from the widespread use of tribal dialect such as Swahili, was exclusively French-speaking. The French and Swahili languages were double-Dutch to men who were unlikely to have set foot outside the Balkan states before being deployed to Zaire.

Dysentery also plagued the unlucky White Legionnaires. The troops were ill-disciplined and their commander Petrusic was no more than a psychotic military-uniformed thug who terrorised local natives. French mercenaries were scornful of the Serbs and described them as amateurs. This overview was supported by a sequence of ignominious defeats. Where does the blame lie? Undoubtedly with Zairian President Mobutu under the adage, 'there's no such thing as a bad crew only a bad captain.'

NOT SUCH A GOOD KNIGHT

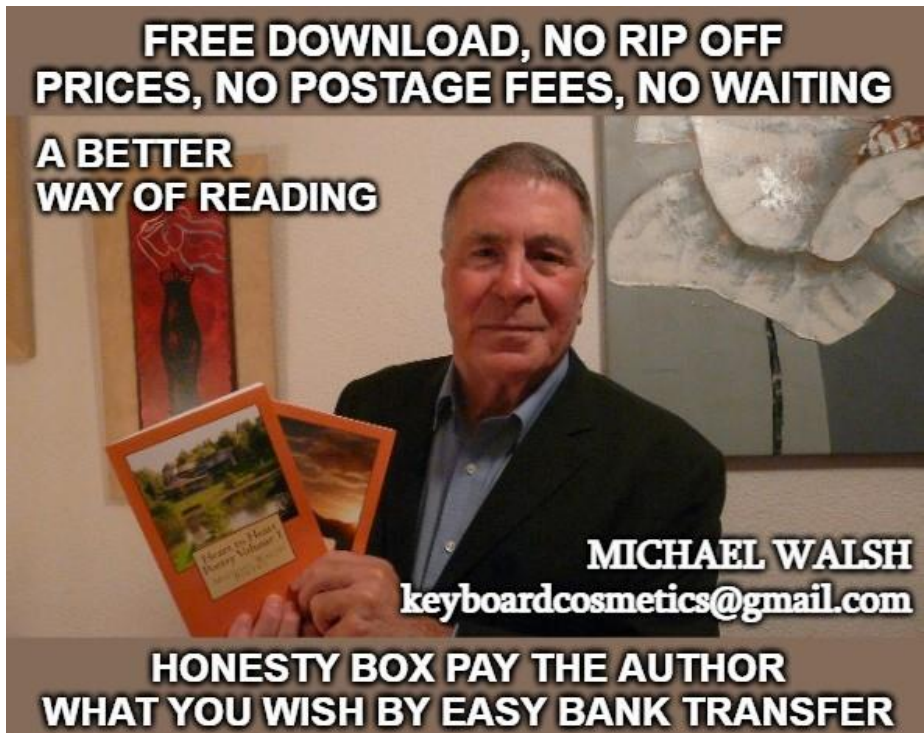


‘In medieval times, contrary to popular belief, most knights were bandits, mercenaries, lawless brigands, skimmers, highwaymen, and thieves. The supposed chivalry of Charlemagne and Roland had as much to do with the majority of medieval knights as the historical Jesus with the temporal riches and hypocrisy of the Catholic Church, or any church for that matter. Generally accompanied by their immoral entourage of servants, priests, and whores, they went from tourney to tourney like a touring rock and roll band, sports team, or gang of South Sea pirates. Court to court, skirmish to skirmish, rape to rape. Fighting as the noble's substitution for work.’ ~ Tod Wodicka

THE WILD GEESE

Lough Inagh sleeps as twilight falls,
When Ireland's sons migrate,
Where there's field they sow their seed,
And dream of Ireland's fate.
Yet Erin's Isle will rest in peace,
Beneath the starlit sky,
While sons' abroad will till the soil,
And wild geese dream to die.

Michael Walsh



**FREE DOWNLOAD, NO RIP OFF
PRICES, NO POSTAGE FEES, NO WAITING**

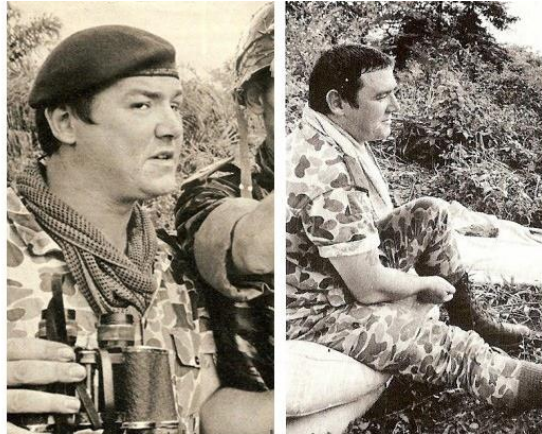
**A BETTER
WAY OF READING**

MICHAEL WALSH
keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

**HONESTY BOX PAY THE AUTHOR
WHAT YOU WISH BY EASY BANK TRANSFER**

THE LAST GLADIATORS Michael Walsh. Veterans of the Waffen SS, French Foreign Legion, British Parachute Regiment, Congo Crisis and African conflicts include legends like Colonel Mike Hoare, Black Jack Schramme, Colonel Bob Denard, Major Siegfried Müller. French Legionnaire Roger Faulques and ex-Hitler Youth Rolf Steiner. Updated, action-packed and fully illustrated 28 stories of legends. **READ FREE:** A gratuity direct to the author appreciated. Michael will send you his bank details if you wish to transfer as little as £10 or equivalent and cashier's checks. A transfer is free, easier and cheaper than placing an Amazon order. Contact Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

MARC GOOSENS DIED 1968.



Marc Goosens KIA Flemish Mercenary

On November 3, 1964, Belgian mercenary Marc Goosens arrived at Bumba as part of the 64 Commando under the command of Captain Bob Noddyn. On February 7, 1965, the Belgian-born mercenary was wounded in the lung whilst serving as part of major Siegfried Müller's column. Goosens returned in April 1965 and served in 1 Choc under Commandant Bob Denard. On 01/09-1965 Marc Goosens was 2/lieutenant in Force Cobra at Camp Kamina.

Marc Goosens is often confused with his Belgian compatriot Colonel Jean L.G.E. Goosens. Colonel Jean Goosens arrived in the Congo in September 1964. Colonel Jean Goosens was one of the officers selected to advise the Congolese government and military. In September 1965 and now a colonel, Jean Goosens was the new Chief of Technical Assistance. After their meeting on September 24, 1965, Colonel Mike Hoare described Goosens as '... an unsmiling, pessimistic and perpetually harassed Belgian.'

It isn't known when Marc Goosens left the Congo. He had left before the rebellion of the Katanga Gendarmen in 1966. It is known that he departed for Yemen and whilst there served with Colonel Roger Faulques.

Belgian soldier-of-fortune Marc Goosens came to prominence after he ventured into the Congo in 1964 during the Congo Crisis. As Belgium's Chief Advisor

reporting directly to the Belgian ministries Goosens service rank was that of colonel. Four years later the mercenary was drawn into the Nigerian war following the Eastern Region's secession. Engaged in the worst of the fighting whilst holding the rank of major, Goosens was slain during an attack on Onitsha.

Regrettably, much of Goosens fame is owed to the tragedy of death being filmed and then becoming much publicised. These images show a large European being manually transported across a swiftly flowing river. That was to be the Flemish fighter's last skirmish. As his comrades in arms routinely searched through the slain mercenary's tunic they retrieved various documents. These included the soldier-of-fortune's last paycheque. This was made out for US \$4,000. Also discovered was a photograph of his girlfriend who lived in Ostend.



Marc Goosens (R) relaxes

ROLF STEINER THE MONK SOLDIER (1933 ~ 1981)



Bavarian moral crusader Rolf Steiner

Bavarian Rolf Steiner was born in Munich in 1933. Fortuitously, this was the year in which Adolf Hitler's National Socialist German Workers Party (NSDAP) was elected to lead Germany out of the ashes of the Weimar Republic. Steiner's father, a highly decorated World War I fighter ace had fought with distinction in the legendary Manfred von Richtofen air squadron. As a youngster, Rolf Steiner was a member of the Hitler Youth (Hitler Jugend).



Hitler Jugend recruitment poster.

The defeated Reich offered little by way of career for a youngster about to become a teenager. As a sixteen-year-old in 1949, Rolf Steiner decided that with prospects for serving as a missionary in Africa the priesthood was to be his chosen career. Such a calling pleased his staunchly Catholic mother. His mother was likely unaware that her son had been attracted to such a calling only after he had seduced a nun.

Before he could try out the priestly habit the youngster realised that he would look far more fetching in a military uniform. Upon his arrival at the French Foreign Legion's offices in Offenburg, the teenager signed on the dotted line. Following training, Rolf Steiner was posted to Sidi-bel-Abbes in Algeria. So far so good he was finally in the Dark Continent. His mother was much less pleased with his career choice and she disowned her rebellious son.

France too was going through a period of colonial change. Serving in the First Paratrooper Unit Rolf Steiner was posted to French Indo-China. There, in what was to become Vietnam, the French forces were engaged in formidable confrontations with the Viet Minh (League for the Independence of Vietnam).

The First Indo-China War was to last ten years. The battle-hardened Steiner was a member of a detachment parachuted into Suez during the Suez Crisis in 1956. Immediately afterwards he was redeployed to Algeria. The German legionnaire was not easily impressed by deeds of valour for he had seen it all and had fought in many conflicts with great valour. He was however generous with his praise. Steiner held in the highest esteem comrades who a little over a decade earlier had been his country's most terrible foes.



Tribute to fallen comrades



Rolf Steiner is with a Biafra child. The Biafra soldier sitting beside him wears the skull and crossbones insignia.

Whilst engaged in counter-insurgency wars against insurgents of the Front de Liberation Nationale (The Front for the Liberation of Algeria) Steiner discovered a moral purpose to life. His Pied Noir Algerian-born French wife was passionately pro-French and likely influenced Steiner's decision to become involved with the De Gaulle Organisation de l'armee secrete (OAS).



Company Commander Rolf Steiner takes a break

For this 'aberrant behaviour' the unrepentant Steiner received a nine-month prison sentence. Following his release, the once member of the Hitler Jugend became a civilian. It was in 1967 that the then 34-year-old veteran either contacted or was put in touch with former comrade-in-arms French fighter Roger Faulques. His former comrade was now engaged in bringing together a mercenary unit. Its purpose was to take up arms on behalf of the governing powers of the recently formed Eastern Nigerian province known as Biafra.

Prospects for the mercenaries were good. Here was an idealistic struggle with a moral purpose and framework. Furthermore, the pay and conditions were good. The footloose mercenaries arrived by air via Lisbon and Port Harcourt. The German turned French legionnaire was enlisted as Company Commander. Rolf Steiner was immediately given responsibility for creating the 4th Biafra Commando Brigade and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel status with a corresponding salary.

The 4th status was illusionary as the first three battalions never existed. This ploy was disinformation for the purpose of unsettling the Nigerian Federal forces. The skull and crossbones were chosen as the battalion's motif.

It was said that this symbol was to remind the unit's troops that their engagement carried risk. In my opinion, this was a pointless reason as serving soldiers fighting in a brutal civil war hardly need such a reminder. Its choice, therefore, must remain speculative but the Black Legion's motto Honour and Loyalty was, of course, the symbol of the legendary Reich's Waffen SS.

There was a sense of altruistic purpose in Rolf Steiner's life as he was much the idealist. Such romantic sentiment was unfamiliar to many soldiers-of-fortune but idealism underscored Steiner's military involvement. Taking the Biafra cause to heart, Steiner trained Eastern Nigerians to acquit themselves well.



Rolf Steiner was a maverick among mavericks

In late spring 1968 whilst under Steiner's command an attack was made on a Federal Nigerian airfield in the city of Enugu. During the assault, six Russian-supplied aircraft were destroyed. Armed with a moral purpose in addition to his salary, Steiner carried on the fight for the Free Republic of Biafra long after other mercenaries had given the struggle up as a lost cause.



Whilst thus engaged the man dubbed 'the monk soldier' created a command infrastructure known as Madonna 1. The squadron otherwise bore the sobriquet The Black Legion. There was a well-organised network of training camps, ammunition factories and arsenals plus a reliable supply source.

The ever-resourceful legionnaire knew that the key to success was self-sufficiency. Rolf Steiner was adept at organising commando raids which brought many successes and considerable acclaim. The tireless organiser was a constant thorn in the side of the Soviets and the British who had backed the Nigerian regime.

Steiner's charisma and his moral code, plus his abilities as a fighting officer being what they were, there were bound to be differences of opinion. A dejected Steiner eventually resigned his commission. Trussed in handcuffs he was abruptly expelled from the nation he had served with courage and distinction. Even among mavericks, Rolf Steiner stood out alone for the affable German was very much a lone wolf. Unlike others whose ethics and loyalties were connected to their salaries, the sinewy German invariably followed his conscience.

One wonders if Steiner should have stuck to his original intention. Had the life of a missionary pulled him then doubtless many Africans would have benefited far more from his devotion to the betterment of themselves.

Returning to Europe, Steiner soon realised that he had left his heart in Africa. Having taken an interest in charitable institutions he was then to hear of the distressing circumstances Sudanese Christian minorities were subjected to.



The Biafra war of independence was no walk in the park

Ex-British Army officer President Idi Amin of Uganda was funding the Anyanya rebels of southern Sudan. Offering his services to the African leader, who was soon to expel Uganda's Asian middle-class communities, Rolf Steiner was invited to go to the Sudanese war zone. Arriving in the troubled region the resourceful warrior made good use of his time and expertise by helping others to help themselves.

In Sudan, Rolf Steiner's attentiveness, skills and experience were well received. Helping to resolve bickering between tribes Steiner put his time to good use by teaching the nomadic Sudanese agricultural skills and gave tips on medical methods that would bring immense relief to communities.

With typical attention to detail, Rolf Steiner created out of the wilderness a formidable economic and military structure. This strategy allowed him free rein to launch attacks on the Sudanese government garrisons.

The stratagem also required the organisation of a dependable supply route between Uganda and the remote Nuba Mountains and his bringing it all to fruition was a considerable achievement.

Steiner's diplomatic skills did not help when in a combative situation he fell afoul of Colonel Joseph Lagu. The Anyanya leader was taking none of it from the German who he ordered to leave the country immediately.



Ugandan President Idi Amin

En route to Europe necessitated a stopover in the Uganda capital. Whilst there, Rolf Steiner was to become pivotal in a power struggle between Idi Amin and President Milton Obote. Having a soft spot for his original employer, Rolf Steiner refused to implicate Idi Amin on a charge which he considered misplaced. Less charitably the new Ugandan President had his guest flown to the Sudanese capital Khartoum. The charge against the world-weary Steiner was said to be 'crimes against Africa.'

On his arrival in Khartoum on January 1971, the unfortunate Bavarian was arrested, convicted and sentenced to twenty years in prison. This sentence was afterwards changed to a death sentence but this was later put aside on humanitarian grounds. Eventually, after pressure from the German government, Rolf Steiner was released from his miserable existence. The colourful and intrepid German retired to West Germany where he was to pen his memoirs. *The Last Adventurer* was published in 1976. The Black Legionnaire passed away in 1981.

DEFINITION OF WAR

‘War is when people shoot each other, who don't even know each other, on the behalf of people who know each other, but don't shoot each other.’

ALEXANDER GAY (1)

The Catholic charity Caritas International introduced Rolf Steiner to Scottish mercenary Alexander Gay. In doing so the charity might well have betrayed the mercenary monk. Gay was already known to Steiner as both men had served Biafra during the Nigerian Civil War. It was likely also that Steiner would know of Gay who had also fought in the post-colonial Congo Republic. Alexander Gay was very possibly an MI6 agent and a close confederate of the novelist Frederick Forsyth. Forsyth was thought to work on behalf of Whitehall interests. What we do know is that whilst teamed up with Rolf Steiner in Sudan, Alexander Gay was stabbing his Munich-born comrade in the back. Rolf Steiner as we know was intensely loyal to his mentor Ugandan President Idi Amin. Taking his disloyal comrade to task Rolf Steiner asked Alexander Gay where his loyalties lay.

Not satisfied with Alexander Gay's explanation, the German soldier-of-fortune forced the Scotsman to accompany him to the Ugandan capital Kampala. There, a search was made of the Apollo Hotel room of a former British diplomat named Blunden. In the absent man's room, the pair found all the incriminating evidence they could ask for. The British had been conspiring to manipulate Milton Obote into a return of power. Both Alexander Gay and Blunden were working for British Intelligence and Israel's MOSSAD. The latter and likely the former had been heavily involved in a plot to assassinate Milton Obote.

COUNT CARL GUSTAF E Von ROSEN (1909 – 1977)



Count Carl Gustaf von Rosen

The Swedish Count born 1909 had a most interesting family history. As his name suggests he was of German lineage.

The son of explorer Count von Rosen (1879 ~ 1948) his father was the founder of the National Socialist Bloc but his connection to Adolf Hitler's Reich didn't end there. The count's aunt Carin Goering was married to the World War One German flying ace Herman Goering, the head of the Luftwaffe.

Count Carl Gustaf von Rosen was regarded as the black sheep of the family. Certainly, he was a maverick and an achiever but who in his family wasn't. From a young age, his interests were inclined towards anything mechanical and especially of an aeronautical nature. Here again, there were shades of his illustrious Uncle Herman. Count Carl Gustaf earned his flying licence as a twenty-year-old student. This achievement sufficed his ambitions until five years later he passed his airline pilot's examination.

It was early days for the passenger airline epoch and Count Carl Gustaf's career was shaped by his mechanical expertise. Ever one for pushing boundaries, it was during this period that the aviator earned extra by becoming a stunt pilot in a travelling circus.

When in 1935 the Italian Duce Benito Mussolini invaded and occupied Ethiopia the count volunteered for service with the Swedish Red Cross ambulance mission. Flying casualties out whilst under the most terrifying situations he was to receive mustard gas burns. The count's next calling was that of an airline pilot, which saw him employed by KLM the world's first passenger airline.

Being of haughty aristocratic lineage the count was no friend of his Uncle Herman's Reich. Upon the German Reich's occupation of the Low Countries in June 1940 Count von Rosen clandestinely flew the Dutch government's documents to the UK. Thereupon, he applied to join the Royal Air Force. His act of valour went unrecognised for the unlucky count was turned down due to his being a security risk. This rejection was the end of the Count's war. He spent the rest of World War II on the side-lines in neutral Sweden.

Due to his having worked in Ethiopia (1945 to 1956) the Swedish count was engaged by the United Nations during the Congo Crisis. Later, the minor aristocrat earned considerable international acclaim whilst flying relief missions into Nigeria's breakaway Republic Biafra. Count Carl Gustaf von Rosen was certainly no wimp. Colluding with the French Secret Service he became the proud owner of five small aircraft capable of carrying out ground attacks. Herman Goering would have been proud of his nephew who at the time formed a small squadron to carry out attacks on Nigeria's airfields.

Taken by surprise the sorties were able to destroy a considerable number of sitting ducks including Soviet-supplied MIG-17 jet fighters and three of Nigeria's Ilyushin IL-28 bombers. Count Carl Gustaf von Rosen's efforts were to bring considerable relief to the Biafrans. Little did the Biafrans know or care those thousands owed their lives to the nephew of Reichsmarschall Herman Goering. Count von Rosen's life came to an end when he lost his life during a Somali rebel assault. Ironically, the Count was on the ground when he lost his life. He is still there, alas under the same ground.



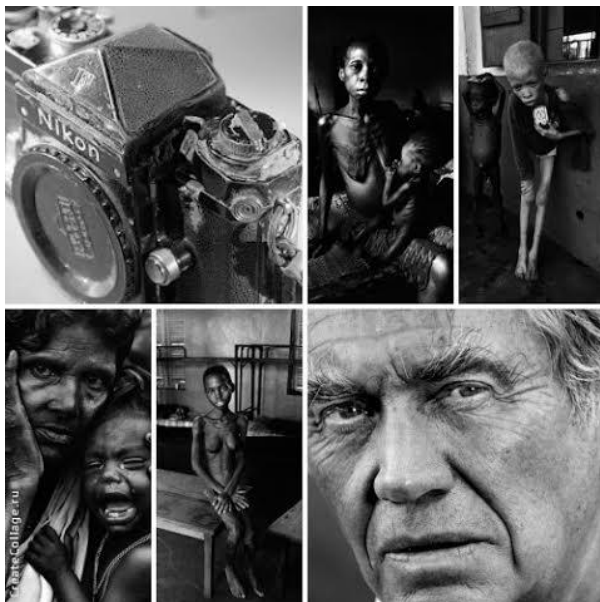
THE LAST GLADIATORS Michael Walsh. Veterans of the Waffen SS, French Foreign Legion, British Parachute Regiment, Congo Crisis and African conflicts include legends like Colonel Mike Hoare, Black Jack Schramme, Colonel Bob Denard, Major Siegfried Müller. French Legionnaire Roger Faulques and ex-Hitler Youth Rolf Steiner. Updated, action-packed and fully illustrated 28 stories of legends. **READ FREE:** A gratuity direct to the author appreciated. Michael will send you his bank details if you wish to transfer as little as £10 or equivalent and cashier's checks. A transfer is free, easier and cheaper than placing an Amazon order. Contact Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

CONGO AND BIAFRA PHOTO-JOURNALIST DON MCCULLIN

‘Photography for me is not looking, it’s feeling. If you can’t feel what you’re looking at, then you’re never going to get others to feel anything when they look at your pictures.’

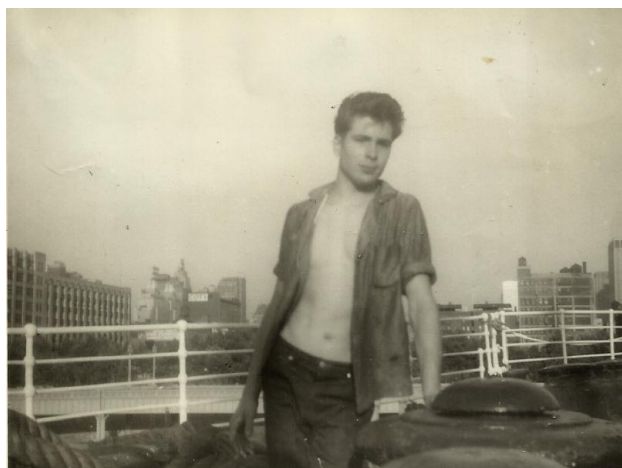
According to a website created for him, Don McCullin is one of our greatest living photographers. Few have enjoyed a career so long; none one of such variety and critical acclaim. He has proved himself a photojournalist without equal, whether documenting the poverty of London’s East End, or the horrors of wars in Africa, Asia or the Middle East. Simultaneously he has proved an adroit artist capable of beautifully arranged still life images, soulful portraits and moving landscapes.

Following an impoverished north London childhood and the early death of his father, McCullin was called up for National Service with the RAF. After postings to Egypt, Kenya and Cyprus he returned to London armed with a twin reflex Rolleicord camera and began photographing friends from a local gang named The Guv’nors. Persuaded to show them to the picture editor at the Observer in 1959, aged 23, he earned his first commission and began his long and distinguished career in photography more by accident than design.



In 1961 he won the British Press Award for his essay on the construction of the Berlin Wall. His first taste of war came in Cyprus, 1964, where he covered the armed eruption of ethnic and nationalistic tension, winning a World Press Photo Award for his efforts. In 1993 he was the first photojournalist to be awarded a CBE. War-photo-journalist Don McCullin took many photographs during the Biafra War of Independence. These have brought to the world the most distressing iconic images of this desperate war of attrition.

MICHAEL WALSH AUTHOR JOURNALIST



Michael Walsh sailor and frequent traveller to the Dark Continent

The globe-trotting author began life as a Liverpool sailor during which time he spent a great deal of time in and around Africa. A Senior Ordinary Seaman he was marooned with others in the Congo interior during 1961. This followed his ship's grounding during its aborted navigation of the River Congo. Just short of Matadi the British freighter MV King Arthur was caught in the currents of the world's deepest river.

The stricken vessel with now a tunnel-sized hole in its bow was towed by a Belgian tug to the village known as Boma. Situated on the 4,700km long river's banks the Central African kraal afforded a vantage point that took in the interior jungles of Congo. On the far bank could be seen the vast savannah of Portuguese Angola. The Congo Crisis was then in full spate and the river provided the cover of darkness for the crossing of refugees, illicit arms and mercenaries.

For months the Cayzer Irvine Glasgow-built tramp lay stranded at the quayside. During this time the ship's cargo of coal was laboriously shifted by hand from the forward holds to the holds on the afterdeck in order to raise the afflicted ship's bows free of the churning muddy waters of the fast-flowing river.



Here are the swift-flowing straits to be negotiated before reaching Matadi on the River Congo. Some made it, some didn't.

There was always the danger that with loyalties changing and Congo Crisis in the background the troubled liner and its crew could fall victim to events that were moving as quickly as was the swift-flowing current of the mighty River Congo.

The stranded ship's location placed it on a collision course with a region pivotal in importance to the crisis itself. Anti-European feeling through much of the Congo was widespread; here, the colour of the uniform was the colour of the skin. King Arthur's 2nd Officer (navigating) came straight to the point when addressing the crew. On the advice of the ship's agents, all were cautioned against setting foot outside the kraal. The advice given was to stay aboard or close to the ship.

The kraal's primitive quayside was ring-fenced by Armée Nationale Congolaise trigger happy troops. Along the jetty's length was situated sand-bagged machinegun posts.

Notwithstanding such restrictions of movement, the least prudent of the ship's crew spent some of their leisure time in the one or two of the kraal's corrugated tin roof bars. During the months spent as captives of the River Congo, there were two occasions when Mike Walsh came within a hair's breadth of forfeiting his life.



The troubled and abandoned freighter MV King Arthur

The air was sultry as was the soft music backdrop to the Portuguese-owned shebeen. Serving the drinks in the stillness of the night was the equally dark and brooding Maria Elizabeth da Costa Abrantes. The attractive daughter of the bar's owner and the 19-year-old sailor had developed a rapport that was as yet short of a relationship. The young woman's father kept an eye on the friendship from a distance but the real threat lay at Mike's other elbow.

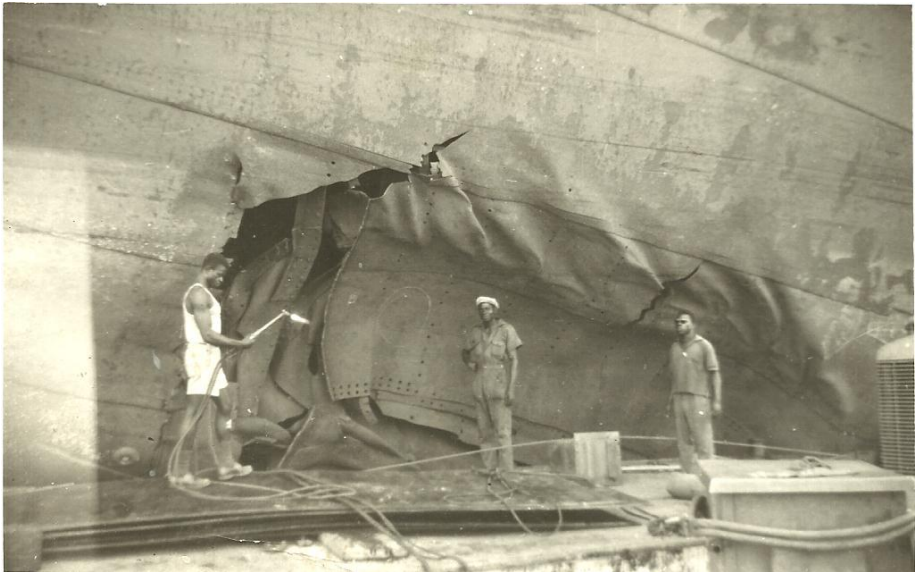
Joined at the bar by two or three of the ship's crew from an anchored Portuguese freighter a friendly camaraderie was formed between the seamen. Such instant friendships between ships crews were commonplace throughout the world's ports of call. However, the Congo during the first months of independence was torn apart by rival African loyalties. No one was above suspicion.

The Portuguese vessel, due to its being anchored in the river's no-man's-land between the Congo and Portuguese Angola, was viewed with particular suspicion. Suspected of carrying a contraband cargo unlisted in its manifesto the freighter now anchored a couple of hundred metres from the King Arthur was seized and its crew was taken into custody.

Mike Walsh, because he had been in the crew's company the previous night was also under suspicion. The hapless nineteen-year-old sailor was under no illusions when on awakening the following morning he viewed the kraal's wharves. The entire port area was swarming with heavily armed Armée Nationale Congolaise troops.

Identified, Mike was instantly surrounded by heavily armed African soldiers and roughly cross-examined. At one point, the unfortunate crew member was ringed by a squad of rifle-toting half-trained troops as he was questioned by an interpreter and an officer of the Armée Nationale Congolaise.

By this time he was aware that the crew of the Portuguese vessel had been arrested and being beaten during which time their freighter was stripped and searched. Mike, after intensive questioning, was released pending further enquiry.



The upper section of the King Arthur's holed hull is raised from the River Congo as its cargo is removed to the stern.

On a second occasion, he and a younger crew member were lured to a remote kraal. This village was situated ten or so kilometres in the jungles forming a backdrop to the river village where the MV King Arthur was stranded. Taken to a shantytown's corrugated tin constructed bar the hapless pair of sailors were singled out for anti-White vengeance. Mike recalls the incident as the most threatening experience of his life. This was some statement as by this time he had already experienced several close encounters with the Grim Reaper. On this occasion, the grim reapers were armed with a panga.

As the two young sailors relaxed at a table in the drinker's den the younger of the two was blissfully unaware of the impending menace. Mike, who still had his wits about him, was now alert to the attention the two were drawing to themselves. In a remote jungle shebeen in which several hundred near primitive tribe's people cavorted to tribal music, he and the young ship's crew member were being viewed with hostility that bordered on hatred.

Realising that he had only moments to extricate them from what could likely be a bloodbath he confided in Peter, the deck boy. 'We are going for a piss.'

'I don't need to.'

'Believe me, if you don't go for a piss, you will be killed, Peter. Do not look around you and do not look at the natives in here.'

The 16-year-old crew member looked startled. Then the pair, having first turned to the natives at their shared table excused themselves and casually made their way to and through the bar's batwing doors. Such primitive drinking dens do not boast conventional toilets. One relieves oneself outside against the ramshackle sides of the shebeen.



The stranded crew of the King Arthur with Belgian friends

The air outside was a little less fetid but the humidity in this jungle hideaway was suffocating. As the two young sailors took a deep breath Mike whispered.

'Don't waste time peeing, Peter. Just run like fuck like your life depends on it because it fucking well does. You ready?'

The now terrified 16-year-old deck boy looked at Mike to see if he was pulling his leg. His fellow crew member's agitated expression was all he needed for him to follow his friend's advice.

Without a word, the pair spun on their heels and hurtled as fast as their legs could carry them down the rough jungle track along which they had previously been brought by car. After one- or two-kilometres hard running, by which time Mike believed they had made good their escape, the older of the two paused in their headlong flight.

With hands on their knees the exhausted pair gasped for air in the remote jungle clearing. The sky that night was unusually bright and thankfully there was a moon. All around the two escapees was deep Congo jungle with occasional breaks; all was silent.

As like two startled deer, Mike and Peter with hands on their knees sucked in drafts of air into their tortured lungs. As they did so, the older of the two seamen were alarmed by a sound of someone or maybe more than one person rustling in the nearby foliage.



Portuguese infantry stationed in Portuguese Angola across the river from Boma.

Glancing to his right Mike was to see a sight that chilled his blood. Against the lighter shadows of breaks in the forest backdrop, he could make out running half-crouching figures. Each of the approaching natives was armed with a panga. Rather than directly attacking the fleeing sailors, the natives were stealthily intent on outflanking their prey. In such a case, Mike and his friend would run into a frenzy of slashing panga. If their pursuers were to succeed in cutting off their means of escape there could be little doubt as to their fate.

Sensing a gap still remained ahead in the forest ahead, the Junior Ordinary Seaman urged the deck boy to take flight again. Running as fast as their legs could carry them the two distressed sailors hurtled down the myriad of forest tracks. With the hot decaying jungle night air burning their lungs the distraught pair finally broke through a clearing. Almost immediately, they found themselves taking the kraal's muddy tracks. With some relief, they knew that just a few hundred metres now separated them from salvation.

Relieved to finally see their moored freighter, the two barely managed to reach the vessel's gangway and to then fling themselves aboard. Years were to pass before Mike was able to put pen to paper and re-live the terror of such an ambush and ending.

Such an account gives a glimpse into the Dark Heart of Africa. Then as now, Africa was virtually unchanged since the continent was described as such by the 19th Century novelist Joseph Conrad. Africa was primitive and wholly alien to the European way of life.

During his African travels, Mike Walsh experienced life in French West Africa, The Gambia, Senegal, Ivory Coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Ghana, Nigeria, Cameroons, Togo, Benin, Equatorial Guinea, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Belgian Congo, South Africa, Mozambique, Egypt, Djibouti in Somalia, Libya, and Ceuta. In cities, townships and kraals he made friends.

These included Sapele, Burutu, Port Harcourt, Duala, Victoria, Warri etc. Many Africans were good and loyal friends. Mike's constant guide and indeed minder was his namesake, an African native named Michael who lived in Takoradi, Ghana.



Irish UN soldier fleeing exploding ammunition dump

There was back then a lost innocence among native Africans. Many ordinary Africans wore around their necks a talisman. This charm, having previously been created during a witchdoctor's ritual, would ward off the spirits associated with certain types of death. One of Mike's African associates swore that the worn talisman ensured that however the wearer died the cause would never be that of drowning. The man was particularly afraid of this form of mortal exit.

A guest of a pair of factory managers, one Swedish and the other a German, Mike and a companion stayed at a palatial villa set in an exclusive horse shoe-shaped

community. The size of a football stadium, the circle of communal villas surrounded a beautifully maintained lawn.

Such was the lawn's billiard table uniformity of green it was possible to imagine the grass having been cut by nail scissors. Unfortunately, the effect had been ruined by a brick-made structure the size of a telephone box or garden toilet situated in the lawn's centre. Appalled by its ugliness and it so inappropriate to its surrounding, Mike and his shipmate enquired as to what the meaning might be.

'It is a shed where the witch doctor concocts his potions and creates spells,' he was told by their Swedish host.

'But that is ludicrous,' Mike exclaimed. 'Let the witch doctor place it elsewhere and for goodness sake out of sight.'

His hosts explained that should such a suggestion be made their factories entire workforce would not turn up for work. And so, the witch doctor's hut remained.



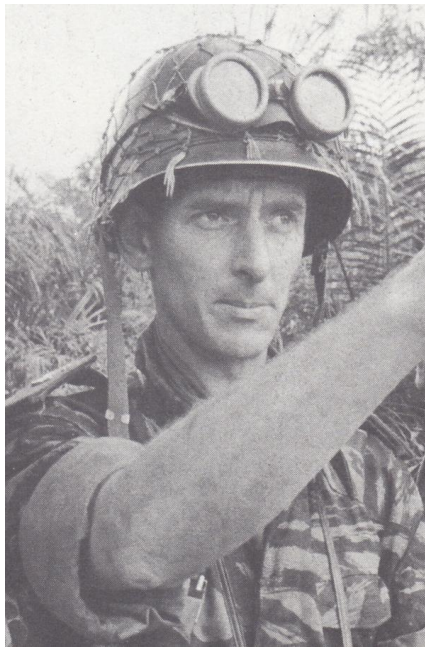
On another occasion, a film about Custer's Last stand was being shown. Being situated in an African kraal, the 'cinema' screen was a white-painted wall on open ground.

As the movie's storyline unfolded there were skirmishes between the U.S. Cavalry and the Native Americans. During these clashes, it was inevitable that cavalymen were brought down in the fray. Each time one of Custer's men 'bit the dust' the Africans in the audience cheered loudly.

Whenever an Indian brave was knocked from his horse by a round fired by a cavalryman, we Europeans in the audience raised the non-existent roof with our cheers. Such was the way of life and provides a vignette of Africa during the period following independence.



TAFFY WILLIAMS (1933 ~ 1996)



Major Hugh 'Taffy' Williams

One cannot write of Hugh Taffy Williams without expressing admiration for a mercenary who inspired respect from battle-hardened dogs-of-war. Taffy was frontlines involved in the Congo Crisis and Nigeria's Biafra War of Independence.

Welsh-born but South African trained, Taffy earned considerable honours for valour displayed whilst under fire. It is said that the ship's captain is the last to leave a sinking vessel. Taffy Williams was the last mercenary to abandon defeated Biafra. He had by this time served two tours during which he had been promoted to the rank of major. The likeable Welshman was drawn into the Nigerian Civil War after being blooded during the Congo Crisis. During the Crisis, he had served with Colonel Mike Hoare's 5 Commando during the Katanga secession.

Such men are not given to lightly praising troops under their command. However, the Welshman was unstinting in his admiration for Biafra's troops who were to fight and die so tenaciously for the independence of their homeland. In Taffy Williams, they could not possibly find a better and more loyal mentor. Africa, of course, is as divided as is Europe in terms of nationality and ethnicity. The fighting Welshman, who was better qualified than most to weigh up African combatants, compared Biafra's soldiers with those of the best.

'I have seen a lot of Africans in war but there is nobody to touch these people. Give me 10,000 Biafrans for six months and we will build an army that will be invincible on this continent. I have seen men die in this war who would have earned the Victoria Cross in any other contest.'



European mercenaries (Belgium and French) in Congo, 1964 or 1965. They were called "Les affreux" ("The dreadful").

When in 1968 Major Taffy Williams was assigned one hundred Biafra fighters their bravery was unchallenged. These few men were for three months to hold at bay two battalions of Chadian mercenaries engaged by the Nigerian government. To their added credit it must be said that the Biafrans weaponry was minimal and well past its sell-by date.



Wherever Major Taffy Williams served morale was high

After taking a short leave in the United Kingdom, Taffy Williams returned to the much-troubled African continent. On July 7, 1968, he was assigned to Lieutenant-Colonel Rolf Steiner's 4th Commando Brigade. The brigade then boasted 3,000 men under-arms. The good-humoured Welshman half in jest would tease his men by describing himself as being half-mad.

Whether he was so or perhaps madly heroic is for others to decide. Major Taffy Williams was noted for leading from the front. To engender fearlessness, he was known to stand exposed in a hail of gunfire to prove the point that he was bullet-proof. It was a ploy that had two advantages. His bravado inspired courage in his troops whilst unnerving the superstitious Nigerian foe.

On August 26, 1968, fast-moving events meant that countermeasures had to be taken to thwart the enemy's goal to cross the Imo River Bridge. Led by Soviet advisors, the force Major Taffy William's troops were up against was formidable and there would be no prisoners taken.

There were problems. When Taffy Williams visited Aba to replenish his command's diminishing munitions, he left empty-handed as there was no ammo available. With only two rounds per man, there was little choice but to withdraw from the conflict. For the amiable Welshman, this war was over but his reputation as one of the continent's greatest fighting men remained undiminished.



Legendary soldier-of-fortune Marc Goosens was victim of the Biafra conflict.



Biafra President and General Ojukwu inspecting the Biafra RAP

BIAFRA UNILATERAL DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

‘Having mandated me to proclaim on your behalf, and in your name, that Eastern Nigeria be a sovereign independent Republic, now, therefore I, Lieutenant Colonel Chukwuemeka Odumegwu-Ojukwu, Military Governor of Eastern Nigeria, by virtue of the authority, and pursuant to the principles recited above, do hereby solemnly proclaim that the territory and region known as and called Eastern Nigeria together with her continental shelf and territorial waters, shall, henceforth, be an independent sovereign state of the name and title of The Republic of Biafra.’ ~ 30th May 1967.

Le lieutenant Kowalski et ses hommes découvrent le père Schuster.



Congo ‘Operation Omengang 1964. Stanleyville Lima 2 62 Armoured Platoon ‘Kowaski’.

ALEXANDER RAMSEY GAY (2)



Bukavu in 1967 and first published in the article Looking for Mercenaries (and some pen-portraits of those we found by John de St. Jorre). The four mercenaries from left: Clement Hendrich (Belgian with the bottle), Alexander Gay, Roger Roses (Belgian behind Gay) and to the right German Karl Heinz Schmitt.

Credit: Jean Schramme et ses affreux. Données biographiques et anthropométriques' by République Démocratique du Congo, Novembre 1968 Fiche signaleteque de mercenaire no 65 (Gay), no 66 (Schmitt), no 86 (Roses) and no 92 (Hendrich).



A ghastly end

Frederick Forsyth was identified as being present at meetings in Hamburg where guns were obtained for the coup to be carried out in Equatorial Guinea. It was learned that the author financed Alexander Ramsey Gay in the failed attempt at regime change.

The former Scottish bank clerk fought as a mercenary in the Congo and then Biafra, where he commanded a brigade of 3,000 men. In 1972, Alexander Gay reconnoitred the island segment of Equatorial Guinea for a coup attempt. He reckoned a small number of soldiers could overthrow the government.

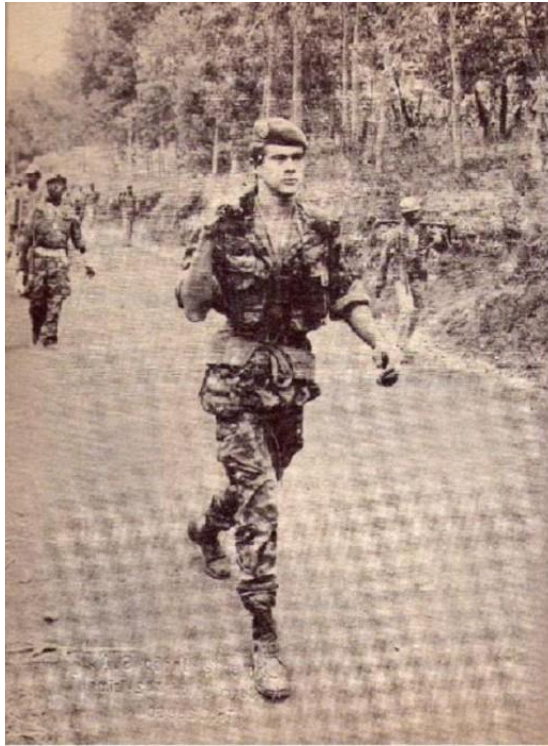
As Forsyth recounted it in *The Dogs of War*, the planning was complex, meticulous and brilliant. The reality fell a long way short but it did have a certain style. Gay had two false passports in the names of Greaves and Mair obtained by using the identities of dead people. The Scottish mercenary hired other soldiers of fortune and then chartered a fishing boat called the *Albatross* in Fuengirola, Spain. Things started to go wrong as the mercenaries stood out like a sore thumb in the Costa del Sol resort.

An official who had been bribed refused to issue a certificate that would have allowed Gay to move the arms from Hamburg to Spain. While the boat sailed for Lanzarote in the Canary Islands, Gay went to Hamburg to sort out the weapons requirements. But back in the Canaries, the boat was impounded, the crew arrested and the coup attempt aborted. At the time, Forsyth refused to comment on the claims. He later admitted that he was at the Hamburg meetings but said he was not involved in a coup.



‘A coup may or may not have been planned, I don't know, but I was not involved. I attended the meetings in Hamburg as part of my research for *The Dogs of War*. I had lots of knowledge about Africa from my time in Biafra but I didn't know how the weapons side would work. I persuaded some people to let me attend these meetings, but I promised not to talk and that's why I did not comment to the *Sunday Times*’.

As an interesting footnote in regard to the attempted coup to take Equatorial Guinea, Mark Thatcher, the son of former British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, was heavily implicated.



Belgian Mercenary Guy Leleup lived in Bukavu as a child. He served both the Belgian Army and for two years served as a paratrooper in the South African Army. He was to become part of the Force Cobra in Congo. The picture is taken in Bukavu in 1967.

The Glaswegian mercenary was no stranger to the bloodiest of conflicts. Veteran dogs-of-war are not made but are fired, smelted and honed in the flames of eyeball-to-eyeball hand-to-hand fighting. Under the command of Bob Denard, Alexander Gay fought in the Battle for Bukavu 350km distant from Katanga. The siege and outcome fell short of expectations.

Gay and his fellow survivors then sought sanctuary in the Central African Republic of Ruanda. Upon their arrival in the former German colony, he and approximately 100 other marauders were interned. The world courts, situated far from their present plight, would now determine the men's fates. The mercenaries' plight was a risk they had been prepared to undertake. There could be no Plan B. The men's passports were clearly stamped: 'Not Valid in Africa'.

It was not until April 4 1968, that Gay and his comrades-in-arms were freed and immediately flown out of Ruanda. Within the year the indestructible Scot had re-

surfaced in Biafra. Serving under the command of Frenchman Robert Faulques, whose acquaintance he had made in the Congo, the intrepid Scot was again to prove his grit. During his 12-month self-deployment, Alexander R. Gay became friendly with the Bavarian Rolf Steiner.

With the Biafra War a lost cause, Gay joined up again with Rolf Steiner in Sudan. The Munich born mercenary was almost certainly betrayed by Alexander Gay who still in contact with Frederick Forsyth (MI.5) we can reasonably assume was a British agent. The Scot, however, was better favoured by the gods than was the unfortunate Steiner. Gay made his quick exit from Sudan before his unfortunate German comrade-in-arms was scooped up and incarcerated.

ROGER FAULQUES (1925 ~ 2011)



French Major Roger Faulques

The bleeding of the spears for Roger Faulques started in 1944. Then, as a French national in German Occupied France, he became one of the 1% Marquis Resistance who actively opposed the Reich occupation. By 1944 it was all over for the Reich. Faced with fighting the combined armed forces of the British, American and Soviet empires, defeat could only be postponed as German peace offers were made and as swiftly rejected by the Allies

In France, 1945 was a time for settling old scores and a political excuse or criminal opportunity to terrorise without accountability. It is for others to work out

why those opposed to German occupation go on to far more forcefully brutally occupy the nations of others.

So it was with Frenchman Roger Faulques who was drafted into France's post-war regular army. As a volunteer, Roger Faulques was deployed to French Indo-China. The former freedom fighter was to prove his unstinting belief in France *uber alles*. An experienced and hardened soldier by his early twenties, Faulques was to deservedly earn the Knight of the Legion of Honour. This was added to the five commendations he had already earned.

Roger Faulques was badly wounded and taken into captivity by the Viet Minh. Only when their captive was close to the point of death was he returned by his captors to his French compatriots. Being then of little use in the theatre of war, Roger Faulques was repatriated to his homeland but Faulques was back in Indo-China by 1953.

He was later deployed to Algeria as France's North African colony was then going through its metamorphosis to independence. The frightful reputation of Roger Faulques remained undiminished. Fighting fire with fire he became better at partisan warfare than were the Algerian partisans themselves. Such was his fearlessness that the French legionnaire was to become commander of a company in the 1st Foreign Parachute Battalion.

During the extremely brutal Battle of Algiers that in 1957 exploded across the world's front pages, Faulques made a deep impression on Algerians fighting for independence. You could say the impressions were shell hole sized as the artillery officer inflicted appalling damage on the opposing forces.

When in December 1960 Moise Tshombe separated Katanga Province from the newly independent Republic of Congo it was time for Roger Faulques to move on from Algeria. Recruited by the new Katanga President Tshombe, the hard-bitten French fighter changed the colour of his flag. One year after the former retailer had enthroned himself UN troops attacked breakaway Katanga.

By the time the United Nations acted the Katanga defence plan had been prepared by the ever-vigilant and resourceful Faulques. Soon afterwards, the UN began their campaign to oust President Tshombe's forces by using artillery fire from the ground and attacks from the air. Despite their being heavily outnumbered the far fewer soldiers-of-fortune fought well. The action was followed by a mutually agreed ceasefire on December 21. Having acquitted his mercenary forces well it was time for the French fighter to once again move on.

In 1963, the British Secret Services found there was work to do in Yemen. Diplomatic discretion suggested that deployment of conventional forces might not be quite in keeping with the requirements of Britain's public relations department.

Roger Faulques was given command of the rear base in what was known as The Yemen Operation. Obviously well connected and with an experience few could match, the French officer was hired to do a little recruiting. Meanwhile, in faraway Nigeria, the eastern Nigerian province of Biafra had followed the earlier example set by Moise Tshombe. It is thought that Faulques and co-national Colonel Bob Denard fell short of being comrades and Faulques made a strategic retreat to his homeland. In France, the legendary Roger Faulques is a soldier who bestows upon the nation a great deal of national pride.

**THE 1987 AFRICAN BATTLE
WON BY GENERAL ERNST ROMMEL**



General Ernst Rommel

The Battle of Cuito Cuanavale (1987 – 1988) in South West Africa is airbrushed out of the conventional history books and mainstream media. Yet, the conflict was Africa's greatest clash of arms since El Alamein that took place during World War II in July 1942.

Cuban President Fidel Castro was chosen by the Kremlin to teach Angola's rebellious Portuguese community a lesson at the end of a bayonet. Whilst the world was distracted by the phoney Cold War in Europe, Washington and Moscow worked in harmony to affect the transfer of power from Portuguese Angola and Mozambique to Black rule.



South African Defence Forces during the border wars

During the transfer, Angolan and Mozambique Portuguese colonists waged a brave but futile struggle against tremendous odds. During the transition, most of the terrorist outrages committed against the Portuguese and African communities went unreported by the West's mainstream media.



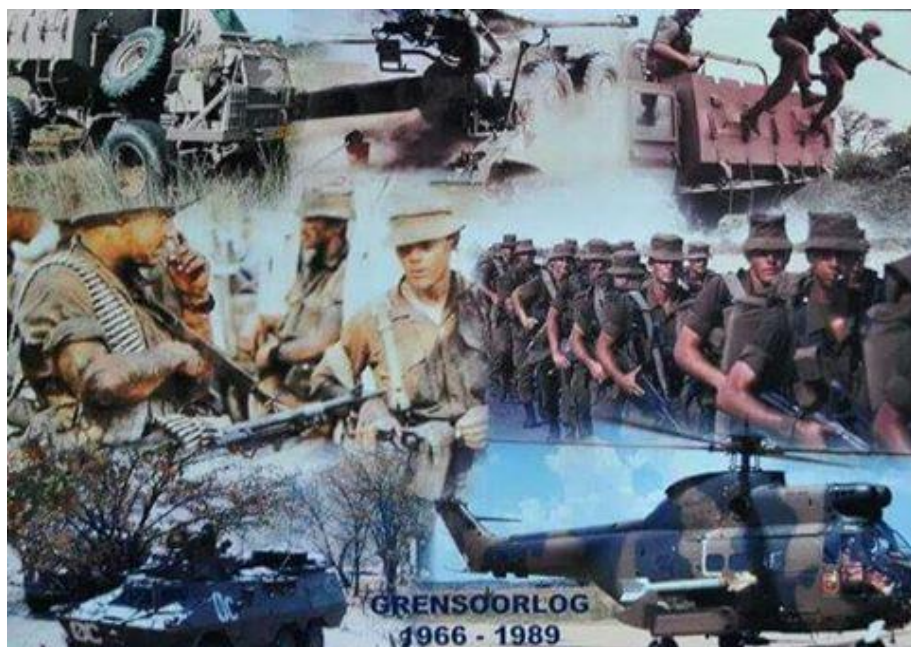
South African Defence Forces border patrol 1979

The Battle of Cuito Cuanavale took place in Angola and was one of the greatest and decisive battles in African history but the conflict hardly made media's small print columns. It has been said that this anomaly was because the outcome of the battle was a setback and a humiliation for those backing the Washington Moscow pincer movement on colonial Africa. The purpose of the Soviet-backed FAPLA (Peoples Armed Forces of Liberation of Angola) onslaught was to take control of the Cuito Cuanavale military airfield and to take the townships of Jamba and Mavinga controlled by UNITA, the National Union for Total Independence of Angola. Eight FAPLA brigades gathered for an offensive dubbed Operação Saluando Outubro.



South African Defence Forces on patrol in South West Africa (now Namibia)

As the battle commenced the odds were not in favour of the defenders as the forces of FAPLA arraigned against them were 50,000 strong. FAPLA's troops were heavily supported by well-armed and supplied mercenaries and Cuban troops. There was also a heavy presence of Red Army officers. The 3,000 mostly South African defenders were hardly enough to fill the spectator stands of a school's playing fields. However, the resolve of the South Africans wrought havoc on their foes. The small defending forces succeeded in cutting down 4,600 of their Communist foe.



The South African Defence Forces lost 31 men who were killed during the Battle of Cuito Cuanavale. Also lost were three tanks, five armoured vehicles and three aircraft. In addition to the 4,600 troops scythed down the Communists lost 94 T-62 tanks, 23 rocket launchers, 100 armoured vehicles, and nine strike aircraft filched from the Warsaw Pact Soviet colonies. The Moscow backed forces lost an estimated 1 billion South African Rands in equipment.

As an interesting aside the tactics employed by the South African Defence Forces were based on tactics inspired by Third Reich General Erwin Rommel when he crushed the British forces at Gazala in the Western desert.

TIM SPICER (1952)



Britain's Tim Spicer is said to have heralded a departure from the traditional view that the underlying motives of soldiers of fortune are idealistic. Tim Spicer represents the 'new mercenary' who lives up to the term's true description. Neither morality nor ideals appear to come into it; corporate mercenaries are basically hired killing machines.

British Army Falkland's War veteran Tim Spicer and his recruits were unfortunate choices of those who hired them. On his realising that civilian life was not for him Spicer set up a recruitment agency. The enlisted men's first engagements were civil war conflicts in Papua New Guinea and Sierra Leone in West Africa. Both exploits endured humiliation and served as examples of how not to fight a civil war.

Following these imperfections, the quick-footed fast-thinking Spicer changed the name of his recruiting agency in 2002. His new agency was called Aegis Defense Services and primarily focused on providing cruise liners with armed personal charged with thwarting terrorist and pirate attacks. The smooth-talking Englishman then won the hearts and wallets of the global elite. Within 24-months, Spicer had been awarded a U.S. government \$300 million contract to coordinate the thousands of 'military contractors' in Iraq.

SIMON MANN (1952)



Former British Army officer Simon Mann has disappeared off the radar screen since his being released from his 34-year prison sentence for his failed coup d'état that took place in Equatorial Guinea in 2004. He was released on a presidential pardon in 2009. Extradited on a warrant issued by Equatorial Guinea, Simon Mann found he was facing the death penalty in the West African autocratic country. A case of the frying pan to fire, he had earlier been released after serving his third year of a four-year term for a similar offence in Zimbabwe.



Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher greets Sir. Robert Mugabe at No 10 Downing Street

The Sandhurst trained SAS operative served in the Scots Guards and retired in 1985. Eventually, partnered by Tim Spicer, Simon Mann opened Sandline International for the purpose of recruiting mercenaries. Angola, then still in a state of Civil War was generous in its terms.

After operating in Angola, Sierra Leone and Papua New Guinea, Sandline was dissolved on April 16, 2004. Mixed fortunes, some of the company adventures had been misadventures. Simon Mann bragged that Sandline had netted £10 million from his Angolan employers.

On March 7, 2004, Mann and his 69 irregulars whilst en route for Equatorial Guinea were apprehended at Zimbabwe's Harare airport. The on-board mercenaries had been betrayed. Of those arrested 66 soldiers of fortune were acquitted but Simon Mann was not so fortunate.

Another implicated was the Teflon coated Sir Mark Thatcher. The errant son of former British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, he was arrested at his home in Cape Town on August 24, 2004. Thatcher pleaded guilty under a plea-bargaining ploy and the charges were dropped. Simon Mann during a later Channel 4 TV interview spoke frankly about others implicated in the failed coup d'état.

COLONEL MIKE HOARE THE LEGEND PASSED THIS WAY



Mike Hoare with a bodyguard in Congo at the peak of his career in 1964.

The well-known adventurer and soldier of fortune, Lt Col Hoare, died in his sleep and with dignity aged 100 years at a care facility in Durban on 2 February 2020. A spokesman for the family and Mike Hoare's biographer, Chris Hoare, said, 'Mike Hoare lived by the philosophy that you get more out of life by living dangerously, so it is all the more remarkable that he lived more than 100 years.

'Most people who met Mike described him as a legend, and as an officer and a gentleman; only a few realised there was a bit of pirate thrown in.

Known as Mad Mike, he was short and dapper, impossibly charming, unaccountably enigmatic, always polite, strangely proper, absolutely sane, good-natured, a brilliant leader and an absolute legend.'

Mike Hoare was born in 1919 in India of Irish parents and educated in England. During World War II he attended officer training school. Later he saw action at Kohima, India, and in Burma. He was demobilised from the Armoured Corps as major. Qualifying as a chartered accountant he immigrated to South Africa in 1948.

He knew Africa as few would dare to. He took long-distance mountain hikes, and then rode off on motorbikes Cape Town to Cairo, a distance of 16,750 km through the world's most primitive and dangerous continent. He also motorcycled from Mombasa to Lobito and was later a safari leader in the Kalahari Desert.



Mike Hoare and Wicks

During the Congo Crisis 1960 – 1965, Colonel Mike Hoare led 300 Wild Geese during which conflict they crushed the communist rebellion, rescue 2,000 nuns and priests. Later he would become a technical adviser to The Wild Geese movie, starring Richard Burton as the lead character based on Hoare.

In his father's biography, Chris Hoare writes: 'About 250 men from 5 Commando struck out from Bunia on 15 March 1965. Their twin targets were the important town of Aru and the nearby Esebi mission which was now a rebel training centre.

Hoare was in his best mood as 'nothing is as nice as a good march'. Then, the sky opened. A wall of water fell down on us. In the pouring rain, we ran into a village, but the rebels had fled. We pressed into the abandoned houses. Everything was dripping wet. Hoare allowed three hours' rest. The freezing men fell to the ground as if dead and slept soundly.

A few started a fire and somehow, we found we had a large pot of hot tea. 'One recognises a good English troop,' the lieutenant-colonel proclaimed, 'by the speed with which it manages to make hot tea under the most difficult conditions'.

We lay on the ground side by side. The thoroughly soaked commander-in-chief trembled with cold. After all, he was no longer so young. Some soldiers persuaded him to put at least his shoes, trousers and socks near the fire to dry.

'In the flickering of the flames, I saw his sleeping face beside me. There was something innocent and wise about him, like an elderly child. Why this slim man, who could lead a comfortable life in the paradise city of Durban, with his pretty blonde wife, and among valued friends, came here to march through the night and the storm is incomprehensible. He could have led the operation comfortably, as did the Belgian officers, from a headquarters far behind the lines, or at least from a comfortable vehicle or well-equipped quarters in abandoned villas.

'But he did not do this. He was always out in front and showed less mercy to himself than to his soldiers. Perhaps it was because this wild band of adventurers, drinkers and similar ilk loved him, although he often treated them like dogs. To the Belgians, he was a mystery and magnificent.'

On another occasion, Germani said Mike had discussed politics and literature with him and recited English verse. 'Only now did I begin to know this strange man. He was a genuine British officer in his posture and behaviour, but also a genuine Irishman in his recurring sentimentality and his fighting spirit.'

Now 52 Commando was pushing up toward Aba. Griffin recalls, 'We were driving in a long column of trucks. Tactics were to travel till you got ambushed and then get out and crawl into the ditches, and then thump the rebels.

I was pretty nervous in the beginning, actually most of the time. Mike was travelling in the tentacle when we got ambushed. We were all lying in the ditches on either side. The shooting was still going on. Mike shouted, 'Sergeant, get out my map table.' Mike put the table out in the middle of the road, put his specs on and got the maps out and rather ostentatiously went through the maps, and we all rather sheepishly climbed out of the ditches.

I think it was an act, but it was pretty impressive. He was trying to show us to keep a cool head, he put things in perspective. 5 Commando completed their mission at Niangara, having taken only seven weeks to seal off the north-east.

Mike was certainly a master in the art of being the 'calm presence' and always used it to great effect. He did so whether it was whilst patching up one of his men who had a bloody foot, or in keeping rescued hostages calm while at the same time getting them out pronto.

Further on, beyond Bondo, Mike took the wheel of a ferry for a hazardous river crossing. 55 Commando's Volunteer Eddie McCabe describes the ensuing events:

'We went downstream a hundred yards or so and then all hell broke loose. The rebels had lined the bank and as the ferry reached the closest point to their positions, they opened up with everything they had. I took cover behind some drums of diesel fuel and started firing.

In the middle of this, it suddenly occurred to me that if the steersman was hit, we would be in REAL trouble, and I moved so I could see who this was, and it was Mike Hoare.

He was really exposed, a lot higher than anyone else with no cover at all and he was bowed down-firing with his 45 automatic. Judging by the number of shots he fired I would estimate that he fired as many, if not more, shots than most of the men on the ferry.'

On to Buta, but they were too late to save 38 priests from massacre and others from atrocities. By now, Mike had had enough again and told Mobutu so. But Mobutu offered him a family home in Albertville, with sentries, and command of a campaign to rid the Fizi-Baraka area of rebels. Mike accepted and flew south to Durban for a month's leave. Around this time, Mike was invited by the rector of Michael house to give a formal evening talk to the boys.

'For over two hours Colonel Mike Hoare held the entire school of 450 boys and 40 members of staff spellbound, pacing up and down the stage without a note. Like a valiant Crusader returned from the Holy Land, he captivated us with stories of horror and heroism, adversity and adventure, barbarism and bravery.

At question time a forest of hands went up, fingers clicking for attention. There were groans of despair from the staff sitting at the back of the hall, sensing that years of investment in an expensive liberal/Christian education were under threat.

When it was sadly all over, the colonel could have filled a battalion with us zealous underage recruits for his next adventure. Such was the power, clarity, inspiration and charisma of his unforgettable address.

In 1981 Mike Hoare led a failed coup attempt in Seychelles and served nearly three years in South African jails for air piracy. He lived in France for 20 years, making a study of the Cathar religion, before returning to South Africa in 2009.



The five Wild Geese with Mike at his 100th birthday party are, from left, Eric Bridge, Hugh Gurnell, Dave Burgess, Derek Yates and Laurie Kaplan. Photo by Roy Reed.

R.I.P. MICHAEL HOARE

WHEN AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES

When after fifteen-minutes,
I haven't breathed at all,
It's best to snuff the candle out,
I answered Final Call;
No need to get upset, dear,
For souls can never cease,
You know we're still together,
And for sure I'm now at peace.

When, after fifteen-hours,
You're wondering what is now,
The tears are often coming,
And heavy hangs your brow,
You'll find my words of comfort,
Behind the mourner's hearse,
My poems are always with you,
And my love's in every verse.

When after fifteen-days, dear,
Though past has never fled,
It's time perhaps to better think,
Of good times still ahead,
To live in hearts you leave behind,
Is not to die but live,
With memories I leave behind,
There's still so much to give.

When fifteen-years elapses,
I'm still a passing thought,
I hope my life and passing was,
A lesson fondly taught,
Then you will know the path to me,
And all you ever knew,
In garden bower where once we met,
Is where I wait for you.

Michael Walsh

WHEN AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES

Michael Walsh's elegy to bereavement inspired sentiment that no other poem could equal. 'I have no words, there were tears instantly.' ~ Ukraine, 'My goodness, this is the best poem yet.' ~ Kentucky. 'It is just beautiful, Michael.' ~ Canada. 'This is truly great and touching poem, the best.' ~ Latvia.

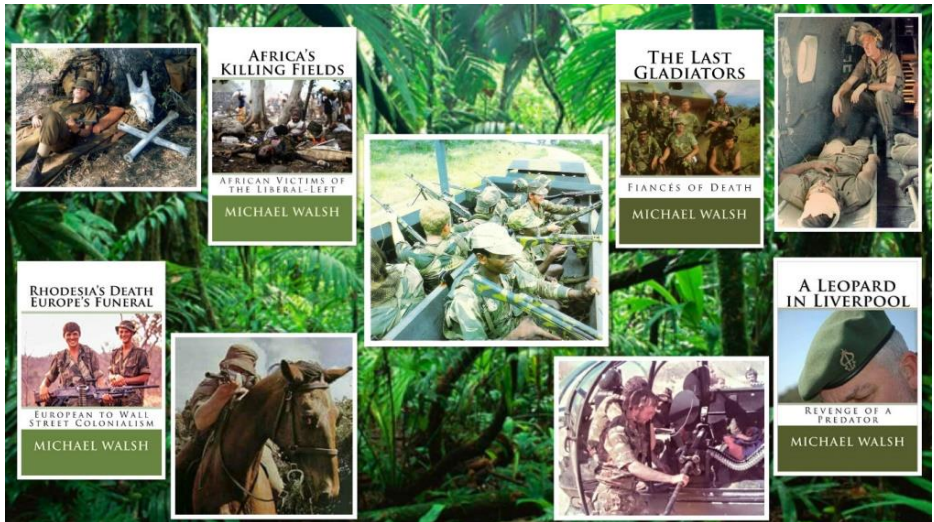
‘Oh, my God, it touched my soul’s strings, goose bumps, you are the MASTER of words, it is so.... don’t make me cry again.’ ~ Latvia.

‘This is the saddest poem Michael. A loving and a philosophical, the tears of the river.....’ From France: ‘It is absolutely beautiful! My tears are flowing freely.’

‘Love it. Michael you are the best ... ~ California, ‘Sad and lovely.’ ~ France. ‘Michael that is a beautiful poem loved reading it.’ ~ Ontario.

From Lisbon in Portugal: ‘I’ve no words to express my feelings, its normal reaction when you hear the language of the soul, thank you.’ ‘It is the most beautiful poem about bereavement that I have ever read. Thank you so much.’ From Wirral, Merseyside: Rose Parker Thoughtful! It reminds me of Robert Browning poems, lovely.

AFRICA RELATED BOOKS



A LEOPARD IN LIVERPOOL Vigilante Thriller; THE LAST GLADIATORS Fiancés of Death; AFRICA’S KILLING FIELDS: African Victims of the Liberal-Left; RHODESIA’S DEATH EUROPE’S FUNERAL European to Wall Street Colonialism.

African odyssey the author’s collection of four books based on his first-hand experiences. Michael Walsh lived, worked and socialist in most of Africa’s nations from Cape town to Tripoli, Lagos to Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean.

Michael Walsh is Britain’s most creative and successful multi-topical author. His 70 refreshingly new perspective book titles enjoy a worldwide following.

**BOOKS BY AWARD WINNING MERSEYSIDE WRITER
MICHAEL WALSH**



www.mikewalshwritingservices.wordpress.com

A LEOPARD IN LIVERPOOL

A soldier-of-fortune's break in Liverpool sours when he learns that his naive daughter became ensnared by the city's lowlife. This is an epic fail on the part of the traffickers in flesh. Fraser McLeod is a veteran of the 1960s Congo crisis and Simba Rebellions. When you add the toxic Rhodesian bush wars you're left with a lethal humanoid, a cunning and resourceful predator.

His teenage daughter's trail has gone cold. The action heats up when the merciless MacLeod disappears into the maritime city's social sewers. Those, whose trade is debt and death, sex and drugs know how to avoid the inquisitive. But, they are no match for a prowling marauder for whom death is no more to be feared than is birth.

The soldier-of-fortune turned arms dealer has a single lead and an insatiable thirst for a messy and unforgiving nemesis. Based on real-life experience the author's account combines the movies *Death Wish* and *The Wild Geese*.

Brian Smyth writes, 'An excellent thriller written in the tense style of a John Le Carre novel' 'A Great Story' adds verified purchaser. Walter Potter comes straight to the point: It is a very exciting and heart-warming story about an ex-mercenary looking for his lost daughter who was being forced into prostitution.

THE STIGMA ENIGMA

Programmed to kill, former mercenary Jack Scarlett is in a no holds barred conflict in which no prisoners are taken. Double-crossed in love and trust, in the predator's cross-hairs are the most sinister sinners of Liverpool's underworld. Determined to stop his high-octane lethal feud is Detective Chief Inspector Eric Jansen. The killer question is can Detective Chief Inspector Eric Jansen stop Jack Scarlett and does he really want to.

THE SOULS MEET

Paranormal romance to challenge your beliefs in the supernatural and push the frontiers of morality. Read with closed eyes and an open mind, and a readiness to reconsider the morality of romantic relationships. When you reach the last revealing chapter the message on the tombstone will shock. The author places a hex on any who reveal the secret of the tomb. This astonishing novel may well prove to be a revolution in English-Irish literature.

THE DOVETAILS

A risqué romp provocatively exposes the most forbidden of romantic relationships, the ménage a trois. The Dovetails Hotel is owned by comely and beguiling divorcees, Leonora and Felicity. After Felicity meets Gareth on a prearranged tour of Europe, the engaging Jack o' all Maids is employed as a resident repairman. The eyebrow-raising interludes are escorted by risqué humour, girl-talk, dilemmas, compromises, lurid sex, romance, and at times pathos.

SEX FEST AT TIFFANY'S

Tiffany is the gorgeous owner of a brothel named Sex Fest at Tiffany's. The sequel to *The Dovetails* by Michael Walsh, this is the ultimate heart-warming light-hearted romantic comedy. Gareth, Leonora and Felicity celebrate their ménage a trois and a successful business finale with a holiday of a lifetime on Spain's Riviera where Tiffany becomes acquainted with the holidaying trio. This engaging romance sparkles with wise-cracking wit and page-marking romps to follow a captivating series of romantic events to the story's happy ending that leaves the (over 18 years please) reader reaching for their Kleenex.

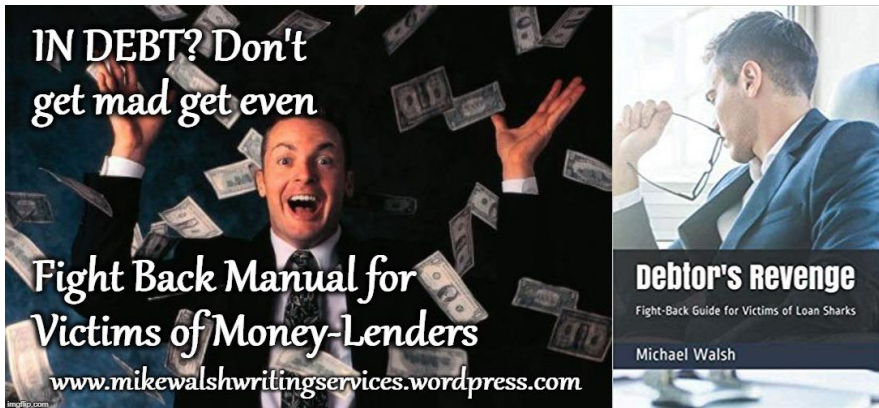
PHANTOM OF OPHELIA

Phantom of Ophelia Michael Walsh. A novel but not a work of fiction. Drawing on his real-life and location experiences this romantic-supernatural biography will ravish the reader. A page-turning terrifying white-knuckle ride because these are his real-life apparitional experiences.

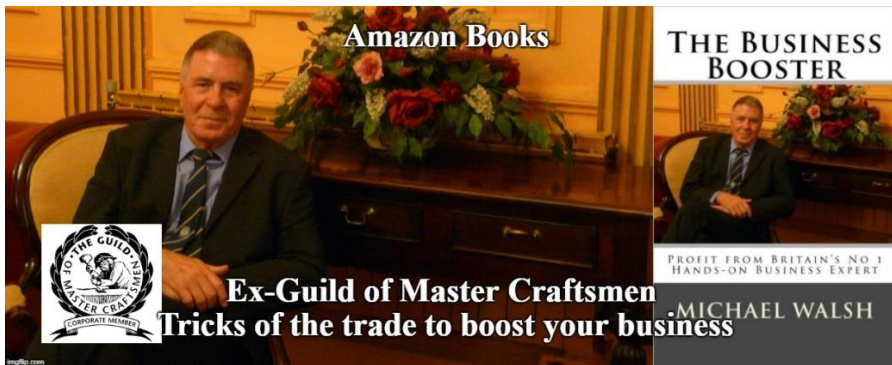
GENERAL INTEREST BOOKS

DEBTOR'S REVENGE

DEBTOR'S REVENGE Merseyside author Michael Walsh. Those who fall victim to the taxman, banks and moneylenders are victims of legalised mugging. The author, who suffered financial collapse, has put his experiences to good use. **DEBTOR'S REVENGE** teaches you how to turn the tables on your tormentors and rise again from the ashes of despair. Essential Fight-Back Guide for victims of usury, threatening letters, intimidation, bailiffs and bankruptcy.



THE BUSINESS BOOSTER



THE BUSINESS BOOSTER

Michael Walsh voted Writer of the Year by Euro Weekly News provided the readers business readers with hot tips to boost their business and substantially increase their profits. For 20-years as a mentor for the Guild of Master Craftsmen / Federation of Master Builders this leading expert sales and business ‘business doctor’ was recommended by Britain’s most successful business heads. The Business Booster shows you how to double your profits not your workload.

INSPIRE A NATION VOLUME I and II (WISE THOUGHTS)

For those searching for inspiration and enlightenment, there are many sources of literature from which to make their choice. Inspire a Nation chooses to go where others dare not go. Inspire a Nation Volume I and II set out to challenge orthodox. The compiler's inspiration finds its genesis in the wisdom of Friedrich Nietzsche: People don't want to hear the truth as they don't want their illusions destroyed.

Neither volume is intended to be read as a novel. Pick your copy up whenever you're at a loose end, need something to pass the time with or you would like to have your thoughts provoked before you snuggle down for the night. Just one last thought, don't shoot Michael the messenger.

RELATED SEAFARING BOOKS:



**Untold Sagas of the Sea Volume I, II, III, IV and V;
Pirates and Cutthroats of the Merciless Seas,
The Leaving of Liverpool and All I Ask is a Tall Ship by Michael Walsh.**

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

55 true stories supported by 100 pictures some never before published, plus bonus inserts. Serving as a deckhand on Britain's greatest shipping companies the author called in at over 60 nations and worked hundreds of ports.

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL is a first-hand account of the ships, the seafarers and their exploits (1955 – 1975). The incredible book pays tribute to 500 years of naval history during which Britain's Merchant Navy was the largest and most potent merchant marine in the history of shipping.

BRITANNIC WAIVES THE RULES Michael Walsh.

The last of the White Star Liners (1845-1960) serving the cross Atlantic passenger phenomena. Michael Walsh, the superliner's last deck boy clearly recalls the liner's most exciting events and interesting crew members, the roustabouts in New York's Hell's Kitchen, near tragedies, the fist-fights and the glamour. Full illustrated unique volume not to be missed

UNTOLD SAGAS OF THE SEA Volume I

Stories of great sea tragedies are often airbrushed or off the radar. The author tells it like it is. A good book makes you want to live in the story. Unknown Sagas of the Sea leaves you no choice.

UNTOLD SAGAS OF THE SEA Volume II

The success of Volume I of the Sagas series inspired demand for Volume II. If your taste is in sea battles and heroic endeavour, submarine warfare, tragedy, folly and daring, you will find Untold Sagas of the Sea Volume II a gripping chronicle of hard to believe sea stories we dredged up from the Immortal Seas.

UNTOLD SAGAS OF THE SEA Volume III

The success of Volume I and II of the sea saga series stirred interest in reliving (and dying) the most heart-breaking and often avoidable sea tragedies of all time. As your destination might not be as you intend this is not a book to be read before catching a ferry.

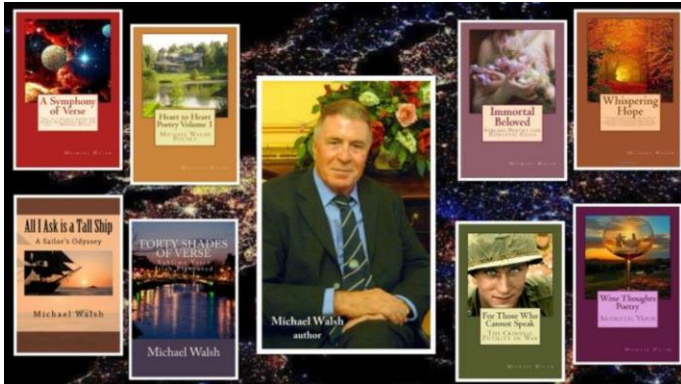
UNTOLD SAGAS OF THE SEA Volume IV

Ex-Seaman Michael Walsh keeping the dramas of ships and crews alive. Truth is stranger than fiction as is revealed in nearly 40 amazing seafaring stories we raised from the seabed. A glance at the chapter list will raise your eyebrows and provide you with a lifetime's conversational pieces.

ALL I ASK IS A TALL SHIP Michael Walsh.

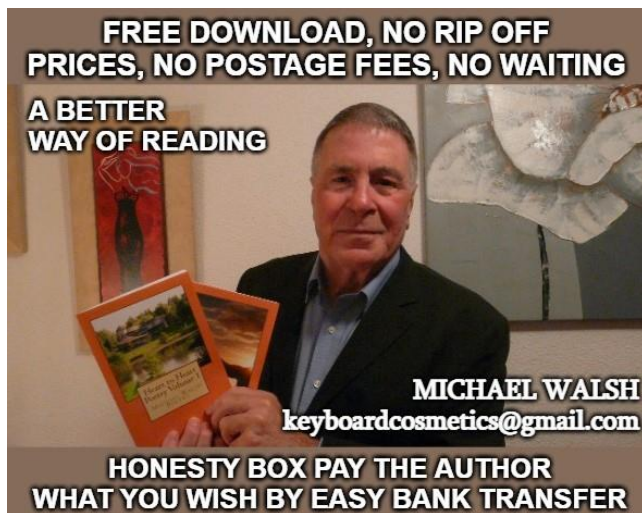
A Liverpool Sailor's Odyssey in pictures and evocative verse. Michael's work in Liverpool alone 3,000 copies of now out of print collections cleared the shelves within weeks. Most are here reprinted in earn top revues.

MICHAEL WALSH POETRY



BOOKS THAT CHALLENGE, INSPIRE, INFORM

Michael Walsh is Britain's most creative and successful multi-topical author. His 70 refreshingly new perspective book titles enjoy a worldwide following.



THE LAST GLADIATORS Michael Walsh. Veterans of the Waffen SS, French Foreign Legion, British Parachute Regiment, Congo Crisis and African conflicts include legends like Colonel Mike Hoare, Black Jack Schramme, Colonel Bob Denard, Major Siegfried Müller. French Legionnaire Roger Faulques and ex-Hitler Youth Rolf Steiner. Updated, action-packed and fully illustrated 28 stories of legends. **READ FREE:** A gratuity direct to the author appreciated. Michael will send you his bank details if you wish to transfer as little as £10 or equivalent and cashier's checks. A transfer is free, easier and cheaper than placing an Amazon order. Contact Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com or euroman_uk@yahoo.co.uk